

The Pilgrims' Road

F. C. ELLISTON ERWOOD



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THE cover of this
book, designed by
Mr W. H. Gosnell,
suggests the use of
the road in three
periods—that of the
Prehistoric Man, the
Mediaeval Pilgrim on
his way to the shrine,
& the Footpath Lovers
of To-Day

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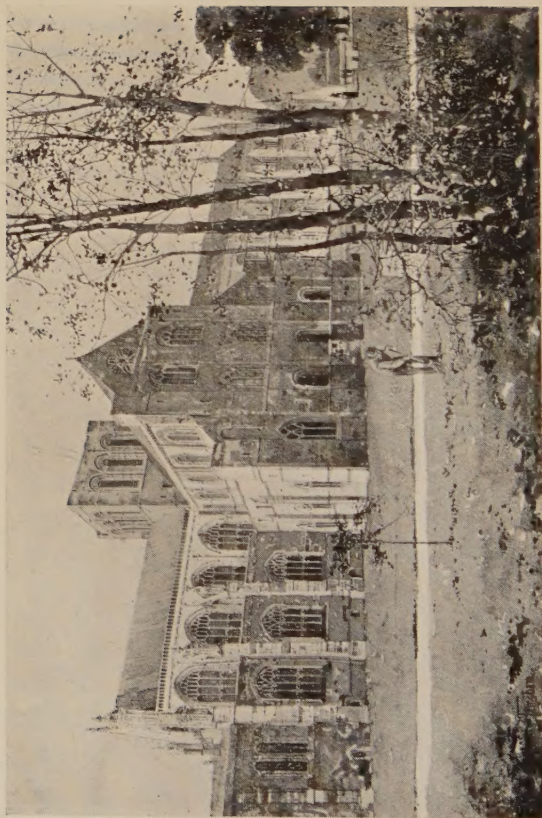
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THE HOMELAND POCKET BOOKS

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THE PILGRIMS' ROAD

A PRACTICAL GUIDE FOR THE
PEDESTRIAN ON THE ANCIENT
WAY FROM WINCHESTER TO
. . . CANTERBURY . . .

By FRANK C. ELLISTON-ERWOOD

*Second Edition, Revised and
Largely Rewritten*

WITH NUMEROUS SKETCH MAPS
AND MANY ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR AND
. . FROM PHOTOGRAPHS . .

THE HOMELAND ASSOCIATION, LTD.

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TO
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Foreword by the Editor

It is more than ten years since Mr Elliston-Erwood wrote his little book on the Pilgrims' Road, and since that time he has given much thought and reconsideration to the problems of the origin and use of this delightful hill-side track. This new edition is in many ways a new and also a better book and will, we trust, stimulate thought and investigation. Sections of the Pilgrims' Road have been marked as such on old maps for more than a hundred years and this name will always remain, but the suggestion as to whether it was ever used by mediæval pilgrims to the extent suggested by comparatively modern writers from Stanley to Belloc is a question raised by the author and must be left to the attention of the antiquary.

The previous edition has been long out of print, but the subject will always appeal to those who love the footpath way and the delightful scenery of southern England. The road wanders by fortresses, palaces, cathedrals, abbeys, old churches, granges and mills from the ancient capital of England to Canterbury, *Mater Angliæ*—Mother of the Motherland.

Mr Elliston-Erwood is a Kentish man who has been engaged for many years in archæological, architectural and topographical work, the greater part of which is the result of personal investigation, either by excavation or reference to old documents in our national collections, or by actual examination on the spot. He has not always been content to accept the previously written accounts, but subjects them where possible to critical analysis. Many archæological papers stand to his credit, the first of them, written in 1907, having been concerned with the megalithic stones on the lines of the Old Road. The subject of the Pilgrims' Road has been his study for the past twenty years, and in this book he has endeavoured to deal anew with those aspects of the road which were fast becoming traditional. Quite possibly the author's views will be debated and questioned, but within the limits of a publication which is designed for the general public and not for a particular class of antiquary he has endeavoured to put his case with sufficient reasoned argument to justify his conclusions.

PRESCOTT ROW.

Author's Preface to the Second Edition

TWENTY years have passed since the idea of a study of the so-called Pilgrims' Road suggested itself to me, and the fact that I was then residing at Winchester gave me favourable opportunities for the work.

The first edition of this little book was written between 1906-1908 and was published in 1910.

Mrs Ady's book on the Road had been published in 1901 and Mr Belloc's detailed treatise in 1904, and it would be idle to ignore the fact, patent on every page of the first edition of the volume, that whatever direction my early investigations might have taken, they were obviously greatly influenced by Mr Belloc, and not inconsiderably by Mrs Ady.

An early enthusiasm for things mediæval, as delineated in Malory or Morris, the sense of the picturesque in Chaucer's Pilgrims, the easy flowing prose of Mr Belloc, led me into accepting things that never should have been accepted without much more inquiry than I gave to them.

And though, on the whole, the reception the book received on publication was cordial and gratifying, very soon a sense of doubt came upon me, and it was finally patent that what I had written would not bear scientific investigation—that a good deal of it was not only incapable of proof, but inherently improbable.

I refer, of course, to the mediæval aspect of the Road, that associated with pilgrimage. I fear that must be abandoned. I give my reasons in the pages which follow.

As to the prehistoric origin for the road, my researches into that are as yet incomplete. What is certain is that stretches of the road are prehistoric. What is wanting is some proof that these separate links were once connected and the road used as a whole. Lacking proof and accepting the path as we find it to-day, Mr Belloc's theory has at least the saving grace of plausibility and, till it can be displaced by a better, might as well remain. I feel that such a *volte-face* that finds expression in the succeeding chapters demands some explanation. Further, discerning readers may find here and there casual expressions that refer to a state of things as existing which I have previously denied. After all, the earlier edition was written in a sort of ecstasy of belief in the

pilgrimages and all they denoted, and short of rewriting the whole of the book, which neither time nor circumstance will permit, there are bound to be here and there phrases which speak of earlier beliefs. The newly made convert does not easily shed all vestiges of his antecedent faith.

For the rest, nearly all of the road has been revisited since 1918, and topographical details have been amended, corrected, revised or amplified as seemed desirable. For not a little of this revisionary material I must thank those very numerous correspondents who have during the last ten years kindly acceded to the request made in the book for notes to render it more useful and correct.

Finally, though perhaps some of the glamour of the road has been dispelled by my thesis, the most destructive influence on the peaceful solitudes of the hill-side way is due to the advent of the motor in all its phases. Fortunately the motor bus and the *char-à-bancs* cannot yet travel the road. But I still live in fear that unemployment schemes may be utilised to straighten and widen and metal the road, and once that is achieved, advertising sensationalism will quickly follow, rapid pilgrimages, including luncheon at some famous pilgrim hostelry,

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will be broadly advertised, and broken bottles and paper will mark the "charrybangers'" cheerful progress. Already the development of motor traffic brings the road within reach of the metropolis at dozens of points, and the side-car and solo cycle are found on Sundays in some of the most inaccessible parts. This invasion of the counrty-side is far more devastating than the shaking of some tottering historical fable. Both are to be deplored perhaps. Too much science, whether applied to means of transport or to methods of historical research, seems to have the same result. I almost regret——

F. C. ELLISTON-ERWOOD.

THE PILGRIMS' ROAD

Chapter I

Introductory

THIS little volume takes for its subject a strip of country ranging over three counties. Now, any native of Kent, Surrey or Hampshire will tell you that his own county could not be adequately dealt with in a volume many times more bulky than this, so here you will not find any detailed county history, and some of the most charming spots in the south country will be unnoticed. The connecting link that holds these counties together is the North Downs, and the central feature is that ancient trackway around which myth, legend and history have woven a tangled mesh—the so-called “Pilgrims’ Road.” The underlying idea is a walk of some one hundred and twenty miles, from Winchester to Canterbury, along the southern slope of the chalky North Downs. The possibilities of such a scheme are many. You may for the once

abandon the joys of the fashionable seaside resort, strap on a knapsack, and with stout heart and boots set out for a month's wanderings on the heights and in the valleys, or, if your annual leisure will not allow such heaped pleasure, you may journey to any of the convenient centres on the route and spend an equally enjoyable week-end exploring east and west of your chosen base.

But it must be understood that walking is the only way of extracting all the honey from this flower of districts. A motor car *can* reach certain localities, and I have pushed a cycle for about thirty miles of the road and carried it for distances which in the aggregate must be almost as much. This is, however, an exercise not calculated to preserve that calmness of outlook which is so desirable, so that under the circumstances the best thing is foot travelling all the way. If you are already a pedestrian, your joy is assured, for of all mortals the walker is most blessed. A light heart, a song and three miles an hour ; bread and cheese and ale at midday and a bed at night. What more could you desire ? Surely this is tempting enough. No ? Well, try Hazlitt *On going a Journey* and Stevenson *On Walking Tours*, and if

Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes and the yongé sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfé cours y-ronne

you do not wish to turn your face eastward to Canterbury no words of mine will ever move you.

To those that determine to set out on the journey as outlined in this book I can promise much hard work, trudging across ploughed fields, through lanes ankle-deep in loose sand, through trackless woods and, what is worse, woodland crossed and recrossed with confusing paths, up to the crest and down into the valley, across grassy slopes scorched in the summer sun—along ancient and gloomy avenues, with shadowy hollows not yet pierced by the rays that struggle to filter through the closely matted yew branches overhead. But all this has a reward. Whether you be a painter, photographer, geologist, botanist, entomologist, archæologist, antiquary, historian, *littérateur* or the amateur in a thousand and one strange learnings, you will find on the old road something that will interest you. In short, a holiday on the Road will be a little cameo of life, and it will be strange indeed if when the dark nights of winter drive you nearer your fireside you

cannot look back to one day at least when you felt that life was "living" on the Pilgrims' Road.

Thus it is that I have no hesitation in putting this guide forward. It is in itself the record of a pilgrimage oft repeated, in weather fair and foul, in seasons various ; and the writing of it is but another journeying over ground that of all in England fascinates me most. If I can impart some of this spell, and lead you into many faintly trodden paths, both on the hill-side and by the side streams of history, I shall not have written in vain.

Let me suppose then that you have decided to scramble over these Downs, from one ancient city to another. When will you go ? Do not think that it is only a summer journey. True, there is hard going in the late autumn and in the winter, but if you stand on the crest of the Downs on days when the whole country-side is a mass of glowing colour, or when the greyiness of a December day is more than an earthly thing, you will not regret the labour of the way. At all times of the day, at all seasons of the year, the road is magnificent : the moonlight on the chalk-pit and the thunder in the combes do but add to its charm.

In your own time then, and with such provision for the journey as you care to make, you



ONE OF THE CHURCHES ON
THE ROAD: SHERE, SURREY

set out, and when the journey is done, and the Angel Tower of Canterbury disappears for the last time as you turn homeward, may you be able to echo the words of the poet of old:

Having gone into the meadow I plucked one blossom upon
another,
Roaming through flowering fields and delighting my soul.

Chapter II

The Beginnings of the Road

THE popular name given to the path we are going to follow, "The Pilgrims' Road," hardly does justice to the great antiquity of the route along the North Downs. It is far from proved that the mediæval wanderers to the shrine of Holy Thomas ever used this road, or at least the greater part of it, but it is probably safe to say that long before the Founder of the Christian Church lived and taught, this track gleamed white on the hill-side. If, however, its present popular name does rob the road of many years of ancient respectability, let it pass. There is a suggestion of irresponsibility and a spice of vagabondage about the name that creates a very enjoyable atmosphere around a modern pilgrimage.

Now, as you make your journey along this path, you will be able to see many evidences that may point to an origin far away in the dawn of human intelligence. From the crest of the hills you will often look down upon the valley

stretching east and west and south to the greensand hills. You will see lush water-meadows with the rivers flowing towards a break in the chalk chain—rivers that even now overflow their banks and change fields into lakes in a few short hours. You will see, too, stretches of dense woodland—the remnants of the great Weald. Thus you can picture the landscape of ages ago, a region of swamps and tangled thickets. There is a road at the foot of the hills—the main road of to-day—and when walking this road you can observe in many places the artificial embankments, the bridges and the clearings of the early Middle Ages. This road is the work of the Romans, or of those in England who later worked on Roman models.

To primitive man, with Nature only as his guide, the difficulties in the valley were too enormous to contemplate. There was safety and clear going on the hills—so on the hills we trace his footsteps. There is a kinship with other native trails, such as are to be found in other lands at the present day, the work of living primitive races, especially in Africa. A native track never turns a sharp corner : rarely does the old road, and when it does, we can be certain that, as often happens, the older path has been obscured by later travellers. A

moment's thought will show the reason for this. Early man was at enmity with the forces of animal nature and with his own kind. It was necessary that the pioneer should have a clear view before and behind him. Hence the directness of the path; and if natural features interrupted his line of vision, the summit of the hills was taken, though sometimes other causes led to the same result. It will be also noticed that the path, while keeping from the valley, also keeps from the crest, except in those instances mentioned. The line of the hills formed a line of little or no resistance, but there was no object in climbing higher than was necessary to escape the obstructions of the valley. Again, the southern slope of the Downs is, roughly speaking, of two gradients: a gentle slope from the bottom of the valley to some four hundred feet above, and then a much steeper incline to the crest. Cyclists on Westerham Hill will have noticed this peculiarity. Where these two inclines meet, there goes the path. It is a fairly easy ride to the Pilgrims' Road on the five-hundred-feet contour line, but comparatively few cyclists ride the remaining three hundred feet.

The Old Road also keeps to the southern slope of the Downs. Early man, whose religion tended perhaps to sun-worship, would make this an

important thing. There was the long summer day, with the sun on the hills from dawn to eve. No long eerie shadows at night, no damp stretches of hill-side during the day.

These are a few theories that will account for the position the road occupies on the hill. Now we add to these by pointing out direct evidences of prehistoric use. Many of these will be dealt with more fully in their proper place. It will suffice now to mention the series of megalithic monuments that line the road, especially in the Kentish portion. Then there are barrows—sure signs of primitive life—dewponds and earthworks; and finds of ancient stone implements have been recorded. In face of this it is impossible not to assign a very early date to some parts of this road. Enthusiasm claims the Pilgrims' Road as the first road in Britain. Other factors will seem to support that proposition.

The first inhabitants of these lands were some offshoot of the great Mediterranean civilisation which, wandering westwards, became our eolithic and palæolithic ancestors. These peoples would have walked over from the Continent, the narrow seas now separating us from the mainland not then being in existence, while the Thames was but a tributary of a great river that flowed through what is now the North

Sea, but was then a low open plain. There are some that maintain a palæolithic age for the road, even claiming that its continuation is found on the chalk hills of Northern France, but it seems probable that the great changes that took place at the close of this period would not leave the North Downs untouched, and any surface features would disappear. On the other hand, no great alterations have occurred since the neolithic period, the next wave of emigration. These people would have to cross the water; they would arrive as all succeeding invasions have arrived, Cæsar, Augustine and the Normans, on the south-east coast. Their ports of entry would be strung along the coast from Reculver to Pevensey, and such a condition of things would arise as would justify Mr Belloc's explanation of the position of Canterbury, a common meeting-place of numerous tracks from the coast. The great series of megalithic monuments that we shall see later—the oldest things on the road—are neolithic, and it seems likely that the road is of that date also. For once arrived at the common rendezvous, what path or paths lay open to the new-comers? The Thames prevented north or north-westerly excursions, the Weald and its hidden terrors similarly prevented a southern or

south-westerly route. There was nothing but the hills. And, as we can see, the hills became the road—to where? Follow them on the map and you arrive at those very centres of prehistoric culture, Salisbury Plain, Stonehenge and Avebury, with magnificent ruins of stone structures that are elaborations of the remains in Kent. Incidentally you will see that the road thus traced out does not touch Winchester. At Farnham the road pursues a course due west, rather than to the south-west to reach Winchester. This continuation, all but extinct, still bears the name of the *Harrow Way*, which has been variously explained as the “Hoar” or “Old” way or as the “Hoar” or “Hare” way—*i.e.* the Boundary road. Whichever explanation be accepted, there is more than a suggestion of antiquity about this name. It will bring you out on the plain of Salisbury at the foot of the ancient encampment of Sarum, a prehistoric metropolis.

Arrived in imagination on the great plain, we might note other hill-roads on the Mendips, the Cotswolds, the Chilterns, and the other ranges, west and east, that converge on the plain. Thus a series of radiating roads pierced the outlying parts of England. Grant Allen speaks of this road (in *The Cornhill Magazine*, Nov. 1889)

as the Tin Road, along which mineral wealth was transported to the Straits and the Kentish ports. It may be so, but it is to be feared that Grant Allen's hypothesis rests on shaky foundations. He says: "To this day antique ingots of the valuable metal are often dug up in hoards or finds along the line of the ancient track." Unfortunately, if this was, or is, so, no record of these finds seems to have been kept, and the antique ingots have disappeared again. It is a pity, for a fertile imagination could people this Old Road with lines of bowed backs bearing tin to the sea, and could revel in sudden sallies and ambushes on the hill-side way.¹

This is the end of the first phase of the road. The next brings us to definite historical times, the rise of the little town which afterwards became Winchester, the capital of England. Winchester was off the Old Road, and possibly found this a serious bar to her growth. The reason for this growth will be found in another chapter. Here it is sufficient to note that there are traces of two roads having been thrown out northwards to meet the Harrow Way, and thus

¹ For an interesting chapter on early trackways, see *Home-land Pocket Book No. 13, Our Homeland Prehistoric Antiquities*. Of all booksellers, or from the publishers of this volume.

to establish a line of communication with the Straits of Dover. The first of these roads was not direct enough ; the second cut directly across country to Farnham. There it joined the ancient path, and Winchester grew and prospered.

The unforeseen happened. Winchester was nearer the sea than Sarum, and grew in importance as the latter diminished. The by-road from Winchester became the main road, the Harrow Way fell into disuse, and the present course of the Pilgrims' Way was fixed. It now remains to trace the story of the road through the historical ages and to discover reasons for its persistence at the present day.

Here let me make a brief note on the name of the road. I speak of it variously as the " Old Road " or the " Pilgrims' Road." I use the first because it denotes the antiquity of the track and the second because it is the popular name. But I intend no distinction. Both refer to something I conceive as existing but not necessarily obvious, much like the Euclidian definition of a line as length without breadth. The path we propose to follow is a more or less arbitrary one which follows, as near as may be, the original line and which in parts has been popularly, but I think erroneously, associated with pilgrims to the shrine of St Thomas of Canterbury.

Chapter III

The Road in its Later Developments

WE have seen how the present course of the road was determined by the rise of Winchester. The rise of the important town at the eastern end of the road, Canterbury, may have marked out the road as a commercial highway in pre-Roman times. The positions of these two towns are very similar. Both are within easy reach of the Continent, both are connected with coast towns by half-a-dozen ways, both became, because of this, depots for interchange of productions, features of civil life that still remained and thrived in later days. We can imagine, then, that by the time the Romans arrived in Britain there was a well-established line of communication along the North Downs.

This is only imagination, however, and it is quite certain that there were other roads in existence in pre-Roman times. In fact, the whole difficulty concerning the road lies in this, that, while it is comparatively easy to demon-

strate a great antiquity for stretches of the road, it is by no means easy to prove that these prehistoric stretches were ever continuous and formed one great track road, though, of course, it is possible and probable.

When, however, the Romans settled down to colonise Britain, they found these roads ill adapted for their purposes, which were chiefly military. They were narrow, unmetalled and conditioned by natural causes. Hills and valleys were not barriers to Roman civilisation ; therefore the highways we know as Roman roads were constructed by rule and compass, hard, precise, coldly Roman. Where a British track offered a satisfactory route, it was improved beyond all recognition ; where the earlier road was unsuitable it was ignored. The Downs road was one of these unsuitable tracks, and for a time it became a mere pleasant country road, along which, in later peaceful times, the leisured foreigner built his luxurious villa. You will find such a one at Titsey, for instance ; there was one at Itchen Abbas, and there are several others. Now in writing the history of this road we must come to a pause. We have brought the story thus far into the third or fourth century A.D. We have to write some sixteen hundred years more of the life of this ancient way.

The easier way would be to accept the current legend and all that it implies and includes. The legend briefly put is this :

That the old road, leading as it did from Winchester to Canterbury, became a *via sacra*—or holy way—along which mediæval pilgrims journeyed to make their devotions at the shrine of the murdered Archbishop of Canterbury—Thomas Becket.

Now what evidence have we that this was true? It must be admitted—very little or none. We do not possess an overwhelming amount of proof that the road is prehistoric, though what little there is, combined with probability, makes this none too dangerous a faith to hold.

First as to the name. This I have not succeeded in tracing back more than a hundred years or so, though Captain H. W. Knocker, in *Archæologia Cantiana*, vol. xxxi., p. 159, indicates that it may be as old as the time of Queen Anne. It is not mentioned by Hasted though it is shown on his map. But in this connection I have heard—both in Kent and in Suffolk—the term Pilgrims' Road applied to a track to indicate that it was passable for foot and horse passengers only—that vehicular traffic of any sort was out of the question. The name,

then, being practically equivalent to *footpath*, may indicate very little. At Harrietsham the road was known as the "Shire Road," and was described in 1867 as "almost out of use—a mere bye lane."

The name was traditional at Detling in 1829, where three cottages of Tudor date—destroyed about 1884—were known locally as pilgrim rest-houses.

A rather interesting use of the word "pilgrim" occurs on the line of Roman Wall. A break in the barrier, near Haltwhistle Barn, is known as "Pilgrims' Gap" and was so named by an exploring party in 1849. The name has persisted, and did not documentary evidence of this naming exist, there is nothing to prevent the rise and acceptance of a legend associating mediæval pilgrimage with the wall. Quite possibly there are legends among the scattered peasantry already.

I am not so certain but that the current or popular ideas of pilgrimage are greatly exaggerated. Was there ever a time when great masses of people from every shire's end wended to Canterbury and elsewhere (for be it remembered Canterbury was only one of these places of resort)? I doubt it. Pilgrimage there undoubtedly was—but not to the extent

that some would maintain. Travel in the Middle Ages was a thing not lightly contemplated, and to conceive, year after year, crowds of people moving Canterbury-wards, would imply a congestion on the roads and in the towns that would be a very serious matter. Demands for lodging and food in even large towns would have been impossible to satisfy. If then such pilgrimages are transferred from the King's Highway, with its large towns strung along it, to a country lane which not only ignores the large towns, but not infrequently passes north or south of the small villages, the impossibility of such traffic becomes more obvious. Was pilgrimage such a common thing? This matter is of importance. If pilgrimage was a huge migration of people, as is sometimes alleged, obviously the "Pilgrims' Road" was inadequate for their progress and sustentation. If, on the other hand, pilgrimage was a much more casual happening—if small parties or individuals visited the great shrine much as people now visit cathedrals (and in probably the same proportion)—coming as they did by numerous routes, there could not have been sufficient of this kind of traffic on the Old Road to have preserved the tradition of such use to the

present day in the name "Pilgrims' Way." Obviously on both of these counts the verdict must go against the religious use of the path.

Now consider the prevalence of pilgrimage. Chaucer's pilgrims—who form the basis of the popular pilgrim notion—are taken as typical, yet they did not follow the alleged pilgrim route: they came from London along the old Watling Street. It may be alleged against them that they came from London because they were in London. Yet if they are to be considered typical pilgrims, and not a description of a definite party, they ought to have gone also the alleged typical pilgrimage—from Winchester to Canterbury.

Pilgrimage again was not excessive on account of the cost involved. Most of Chaucer's types were people of some substance, and even among people of the middle class, guilds existed for the purpose of annually selecting one member to go on pilgrimage for the rest, his expenses coming out of the common chest. A study of wills of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—*e.g.* those calendared in *Testamenta Cantiana*—shows that out of the hundreds of wills there dealt with, Pilgrimage is only mentioned in fifteen or sixteen, and the places of resort are as widely apart as the Holy Blood

of Hailes, or the Holy Rood of Boxley ; but strangely enough St Thomas of Canterbury is not once mentioned—this, mark well—in the county of his cathedral, and where, according to legend, countless streams poured to the shrine.

Which matter brings into question the popularity of St Thomas himself. Two churches in Kent are dedicated to him—that at Fairfield in Romney Marsh absolutely isolated, frequently surrounded by water and un-get-at-able, and that at Capel, near Tonbridge. This, however, may not be a fair test, as by the twelfth century most of our parish churches had been built and dedicated. Only churches erected after the murder would have an opportunity of being dedicated to St Thomas. Wills again show that out of seventy references to St Thomas (and these may include some to the Apostle) only eight are found with reference to churches on the Pilgrims' Way, eighteen are noted in connection with churches on the Watling Street—Chaucer's route and the most likely one to be followed by any pilgrim—while forty-six references are found to the rest of the county. These references are to altars, lights or images, and one would imagine that in churches passed by pilgrims these symbols of devotion



THE ROAD AS FOOTPATH:
AT COMPTON, SURREY

would be more frequent. Looked at, therefore, with these facts in mind, one is drawn to conclude that while pilgrimage was an accomplished fact, its influences were by no means so widely spread as is commonly supposed, and that, of all the pilgrimages, St Thomas only claimed a portion of those that went through the southern counties.

Various scratchings on church walls—rough crosses chiefly—are sometimes called “pilgrims' marks.” They are seemingly so called because they are on a pilgrims' way, and the road is called a pilgrims' way because pilgrims' marks are found in the churches—an ingenuous argument that does not carry much conviction. The mediæval small boy and the idle lads of the village have much to answer for.

Most accounts we have of pilgrimage are late in date—of the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries. Anyhow, parties going to the tomb or shrine of Becket could not have been of vast size before 1200. And that raises another question. Why in 1200 or thereabouts should travellers to Canterbury suddenly select a path that had never been more than a country lane, obscure and purely local for a thousand years at least? Both Mr Way and Mr Belloc give reasons, but they do not seem entirely

satisfactory. There were no great religious associations with the road, even supposing the mediæval mind was swayed by sentiment of that kind, and the path would be long, with hard going and tedious progress. We cannot imagine that even mediæval man took no thought as to what he should eat and where he should sleep.

No one doubts occasional pilgrimages of large dimension. The literature and writings of the Middle Ages have frequent references to them. For example in the *Paston Letters*, iii. 17, we read: "1471. As ffor tydyngs, the Kyng and the Qwyen and moche other pepell ar ryden and goon to Canterbury, nevyr so moche peple seyn in Pylgrymage hertofo for at ones, as men saye." This must have certainly been remarkably large, surpassing that of 1420, when one hundred thousand are supposed to have been in Canterbury. The memory of this great pilgrimage cannot have passed away in fifty years; so, though figures for 1471 are not available, we can accept the statement of the chronicler.

But note contemporary historical comment. The battle of Tewkesbury had just been fought and Henry VI. murdered. The world was in a political ferment. Moreover, a severe pestilence with heavy mortality was sweeping

through the land, and the huge hordes of "pilgrims" that wandered through any borough town in England (vide *Paston Letters*, Introd., I. ccciii.) were simply those who were endeavouring to escape the ravages of disease—though only too probably extending its scope. The great movement of 1471 can thus be explained on grounds other than that of pilgrimage pure and simple.

In 1415 an Icelandic traveller, Vigfús Ivarsson Hólm, made pilgrimage to Canterbury. But he was at one time governor of that island, and exceedingly wealthy, and the purpose of his visit was rather more sentimental in character than we should expect in those days: he claimed to be of blood relationship to the murdered Archbishop.

In 1420 occurred the great pilgrimage already mentioned, when one hundred thousand pilgrims are stated to have visited the shrine. The offerings amounted to five hundred and seventy pounds (equal to-day to perhaps ten thousand pounds), besides, of course, bullion and jewels. But again, this was the year of the Treaty of Troyes, which gave great hopes of a lasting peace with France, and a relief from the burden of the Hundred Years War, together with considerable advantages to the English. Something in the

nature of a national thanksgiving took place, and as in addition it was the fifth jubilee festival the shrine of Becket naturally benefited.

Not very much can be gleaned from the amount of offerings at the various holy places in the Cathedral—the Tomb, the Martyrdom, the Corona, and the Shrine. The greatest amount offered was seemingly in 1220—the first jubilee of the murder—when the sum of one thousand and seventy-one pounds was offered—this on the basis of the 1420 offerings (bearing in mind the change of money value) means about a quarter of a million people—a rather incredible number.

Broadly speaking, the average offerings at the whole of the holy places averaged about two hundred pounds per annum, and the average offering (information from bequests, etc.) was six and eightpence. As in 1420 five hundred and seventy pounds was given by one hundred thousand persons—an average of less than twopence per person—we must, if we can accept these figures, suppose a considerable influx of poor and ignorant, which is just what one expects and gets at a time of national crisis or joy. People then turn, either in despair or thankfulness, to the gods or saints that normally they neglect.

But suppose that the average offerings be put at four shillings per head in normal years, that suggests a pilgrimage visitation of about one thousand each year. Half of them might be accounted for on the great festivals, leaving the rest to be distributed throughout the year, an average, say, of two per day. Thus pilgrimage is reduced to more reasonable dimensions. Chaucer pilgrims become more illuminating, and the effect of such travellers on a country road becomes negligible.

To sum up, it seems obvious that pilgrimage was by no means a common occupation. It was for the most part confined to those of leisure or wealth, and only on great or rare occasions were bodies of pilgrims large enough to call for comment. And further, it is more likely that for these the main or recognised highways, with their abundance of inns and hostelries, would be the chosen route rather than the lanes and byways.

One interesting pilgrimage may be mentioned that would, if we knew more of its details, throw a little light on the mediæval use of the Pilgrims' Road. In 1114-1115 seven canons of Laon, together with seven citizens of the same place, brought relics from that ancient cathedral and exhibited them through-

out southern England in order to obtain money for the rebuilding of their cathedral. We know their itinerary in part: Vermand, Artois, Arras to Wissant, thence to Dover and Canterbury. From Canterbury they went to Winchester, *not touching London*. Thus they went through Kent. Did they travel the old Pilgrims' Road or did they take the more important (and to them more profitable) road through Maidstone, Sevenoaks, Reigate, Dorking, Guildford and Farnham—in short, passing through all the centres of habitation? From the nature of their errand it is likely, but we have no certain evidence.

The rest of the journey is hardly germane to our purpose, but they continued to Christchurch (Hampshire), and thence to Salisbury, Exeter, Totnes and Cornwall.

Having shown, therefore, that it seems very unlikely that mediæval pilgrims had anything at all to do with the road in question, I now propose to show that it did have a mediæval usage which has assisted to preserve it to our time for our enjoyment.

First, what I take to be an authentic reference to the road is found among the Charters of Combwell Priory—a small house of Augustinian canons situated just off the

main road to Hastings, a mile or so beyond Lamberhurst, and of which nothing now remains. There is a reference to a piece of land "on the hills beside the road from Thornham eastward to Einton" ("qui jacent super montes juxta vicum qui ducit de Torneham apud Einton ex parte orientale").

Another document associates the road with the walls of Thornham Castle, and there is no doubt that the road referred to is the same track that we call the Pilgrims' Road. The date of the charter is 1214-1219, and there is not the slightest reference to any unusual use of the road. Einton is, as far as I am aware, not identifiable, but it may be Aldington, formerly Allington, a homestead two miles west of Hollingbourne. The road, therefore, in these parts at least was in use in the Middle Ages, and no doubt search in similar documents would find other parts of the same path noted as boundaries of some parcel of land.

As to the general mediæval use of the road, it served primarily the normal use of roads, a means of communication between the scattered farms and villages, following the older track for the same reason that the old road was already there—convenience of transit.

This use, coupled with its employment as a

drovers' road, is quite sufficient to preserve any track, and without seeking further one may find reasons enough for the existence of the track to-day. But there is one feature that has not been sufficiently dwelt on by writers on the road, yet it is one that must of necessity force itself upon those who travel the way. That feature is the abundance of chalk-pits, large, small, working and abandoned, that fringe the line of the road. There is the great pit at Oxted and those at Brockham and Buckland; others are the merest shallow cuts on the hill-side. Great trees have grown on the floors and slopes of those that have not been worked, maybe, for hundreds of years. Others still pour forth volumes of smoke and dispatch tons of lime throughout the country. This is an industry centuries old, and it will be remarked time after time how the old road leads straight into the mouth of some great pit, or has been destroyed as the extension of the workings has moved southwards.

Is it not possible to see in these pits, many of obvious antiquity, some reason for the preservation of the path, and instead of Grant Allen's "Tin Road" may we not more legitimately substitute the "Chalk Road"? Think upon the great cathedrals, reared throughout the

land, the massive castles erected—a series of building events which culminated in the immense reconstruction after the Great Fire of London.

The thousands of cubic yards of lime required for these centuries of building will quite reasonably account for the numerous gashes in the chalk. "Raygate-stone" was already a famous building material derived from one district on the line of the road, and the pack-horses and primitive sleds (which are still used on the slippery chalk hills in wet weather) or rough wheeled carts bringing chalk from the quarries to the high road contributed in no little fashion to the preservation of the road. The following reference from *Stow's Chronicles* indicates the general truth of the theory.

"1477 (17 Ed. iv.), Ralph Josselin the Mayor of London caused Chalk to be brought out of Kent, and to be burnt into Lime in Moorfields in connection with the repairing of London Wall between Aldgate and Aldersgate."

This account, therefore, of the likely use of the road in the Middle Ages—matter-of-fact, prosaic, commercial—is in all probability correct, and the pageant of pilgrims must be considered as a fiction of the past.

But, after all, the road and the hills remain.

Chapter IV

The Road since the Middle Ages

THE uses made of the old path in the Middle Ages did much to preserve the route, but it must also be borne in mind that along a road, frequently unfenced, and wandering along the open hill-side, there was nothing to insist that travellers and road-users generally should keep to one particular spot. They would wander to the right and left, make detours or short cuts, and the result would be what we find at the present time—a tangled maze of more or less parallel tracks or alternative ways. (For a few of these, see Appendix I.) The original path is doubtless still there, but it would be a brave man who would say: "Here and here only is the ancient way." Within recent years there have been many attempts to locate the precise line of the first road. Mrs Ady was one of the pioneers, Mr Belloc one of the most plausible. Possibly I too have seemed in the past to speak authoritatively on these matters, but now I am

convinced that, while the general locus of the prehistoric road is obvious, certainty cannot be demanded or expected in the judging of rival claims, and those who speak, for example, of the route as being in front of a cottage, rather than to the rear, or who endeavour to fix a flexible track to an inflexible line, are losing sight of what should be an obvious objection to their claim.

Tradition among country-side folk has helped to maintain portions of the way, as a connecting link between villages and farms. As a bridle-path and a drovers' track much of it exists to-day, thanks to the energies of the turnpike companies, who made, under Act of Parliament, newer roads and highways for profit. These roads, such as the highway over the Hog's Back or the road through the gault valley, both running parallel to the Pilgrims' Road, had to be maintained, and had to support with handsome returns the promoters of the scheme. Hence the many toll gates and bars, at which pence were extracted from all and sundry who used the road.

This was an imposition resented by the country folk, and, being conservative, they used the older ways—the Downs road being one of them. Even now, though road taxes have been abolished, one often meets droves of sheep on

these narrow paths, and it is not too much to prophesy that, with heavy motor traffic and the possibility of new roads, the Pilgrims' Way may see another span of vigorous life before it.

Parts of the road, too, are absorbed into modern highways, showing that the original beaters out of the road were not far wrong in following their natural instincts; parts of it are mere embankments on the chalky hill-side—a wonderful testimony to the endurance of artificial configurations when formed on this mineral. The mediæval mining of chalk, which has already been described in connection with the preservation of the road in the Middle Ages, continues as a modern industry, and will also account for the preservation of some parts of the early road—though the extension of the pits will also explain the disappearance of stretches of the path. Prehistoric man may have commenced this chalk mining in his search for flints wherewith to fashion his implements. Whether this be so or not, among the thousands of bleached flakes abounding on the hill-side, one cannot help but pick up many that bear unmistakable signs of human workmanship, and these may be pointed to as a proof of the antiquity of the road.

Then you will find portions of this road pre-

served in private parks, while the site of one stretch is preserved by a modern bridge. There are pieces where the plough has been stronger than the forces of nature, and where every vestige of the road has gone. But if you see, as you sometimes will see, a row of trees, generally yews, growing seemingly without purpose in the middle of brown ploughed earth, and if these trees carry the line of the hill-side road across a combe to the next promontory of chalk, you may be certain that there below you is the site of the old track.

Again, newer ways of greater utility but less beauty—the ways of iron—will cross and recross your path, and at least twice you will find it impossible to make any going on the primitive path. The railroad has cut and recut the track so that the alignment can only be guessed approximately, and you will be forced on to the main roads for a time.

Such is the road we propose to follow. Perchance it will be a lonely road, peopled only by homeless wanderers, who on such a road, with soft turf as a mattress and the twinkling sky for coverlet, are free companions of the way. And you, too, will experience many a more uncomfortable sensation than a night on the “bare hill-side.” But of the loneliness of the track

you will find many examples. One rarely sees an inn close at hand. On this old road there are two at least, within a few miles of each other, that have passed away. One was significant of the passing of the road—"The Kentish Drovers"—of which, however, more anon. And it may be remarked that some inns just adjoining the road in the more lonely parts are not flourishing. I call to mind such an inn on a bitter December morning. No fire, nothing to eat—not even bread and cheese—no jovial company, no cheery landlord; nothing but cold, cold beer.

This briefly then is a history of the way we shall travel. If it appeals to you (and if you hesitate, do so no more) go quickly to the ancient city of Winchester, and after a pleasant night at one of its many comfortable inns sally forth on the morrow, a true pilgrim. For, after all, it is a matter of indifference whether you go full of the legendary lore that has grown round the way or whether you go otherwise. All the material pleasures of the road are waiting for you. The wind on the hills will brace you, the downland flowers will joy you, whatever your articles of belief may be concerning the way you tread. There is no "Test Act" to fear or Creed to recite.

Chapter V

Winchester

Me lykyth ever ye lengere ye bet
By Wyngestyr yat joly syte,
Ye ton ys good and wel y set
Ye folk ys comely on to see.

Ye ayer ys good bothe ynne and oute
Ye syte stent under an hylle,
Ye ryverys rennyth all aboute,
Ye ton ys rueled upon skille.

Benedicamus Domino Alleluia.

THUS may you sing when the time comes for you to leave the "joly syte" ready to wend to Canterbury—

The holy blisful martir for to seke.

But there is much to do ere that. There is the city itself, that will demand all our time if we are to get the least insight into its noble history. Cities of years are not loved, nor known, in days of hours. Neither are they described in a few pages of words, so do not expect a detailed guide to the city. There are many excellent handbooks and guides that will give you as

much information as you can ever require. Here is a butterfly journey, touching lightly here and there the footsteps of the men of old ; first those things that bear on our journey, then, if time permit, the other treasures and joys of this most excellent town. For, note well, I am reluctant utterly to destroy all that I have helped to rear. The first edition of this book was conceived in the traditional manner. As we must have method, even in our holidays, let the pilgrimage idea still hold. I have not denied pilgrimages. There are vestiges of them still left. Let them, then, be our study.

Of prehistoric Winchester—that is, Winchester of the time of the beginnings of the Old Road—there is little to show. There is St Catherine's Hill, with its huge surrounding trench and rampart ; there are the various Downs, crossed and recrossed by primitive tracks, dotted with ancient dewponds and pit-dwellings, with the extensive lynchets or cultivation terraces stretching across them ; but, save such relics of early days, and barrows, flint weapons and so forth that are occasionally dug up, there is nothing else. Of the Roman city there is a little more. There was a Roman villa brought to light near the west wall of the close ; Roman wells and pits, and hoards of coins were dis-

covered when the railway was made ; and under the beautiful arches of the Deanery in the close are the remains of a fine Roman tessellated pavement.

Many of these things we shall notice as we wander about in search of things more nearly connected with our subject. Taking a plunge into the Middle Ages, we can imagine bands of travellers converging on Winchester. Their goal was the great minster ; it will be ours also.

Now it is obviously impossible to treat of this magnificent building in a portion of a chapter.

Winchester It is in itself a book in carven
Cathedral stone, a summary of English life,
and to attempt to further summarise would be a piece of folly.

If you are a student of architecture you will want no help from this chapter. If you are a layman, there are excellent guide-books dealing with the building in detail,¹ and, further, there are the cicerones at the cathedral who are—in spite of the criticisms of superior people—quite interesting, and who will do their best to make

¹ A detailed perambulation of Winchester Cathedral will be found in Homeland Pocket Book No. 8, *Our Homeland Cathedrals* (Southern Section). With plan and illustrations. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net. Of all booksellers or from the publishers of this volume.

their visitors at home with the church. But there are some lesser things that might be passed in such a visit, and these are noted here, some for their interest, some for their bearing on our journey.

The cathedral, which offers examples of all the periods of Church architecture, is, in spite of its Perpendicular appearance, more correctly described as Norman. In the crypt (part of the earliest building) you may see the massive work of the early masons, who, like those of Chartres, built a church around the holy well that perhaps played a great part in the early history of the city. It was water, too, that gave birth to the disasters that some few years ago nearly overwhelmed the building. Thanks, however, to the energies of the Dean and Chapter the life of the old fane is now assured, and though some strange changes have taken place—notably the erection of a series of huge buttresses in the cloister area—on the whole the work has been well and worthily accomplished, and there is no reason to think that it will not stand for as many more centuries as it has done already.

Entering the nave, you may perhaps wonder why such an obviously Perpendicular arcading should be termed Norman ; but if you examine

the transepts you will understand. The greater part of the nave arcade has been cased with later work, but the cores of all the

The Nave piers on the north side and the four eastern ones on the south are

the old Norman work. The seven remaining supports on the south, together with the west respond, are all twelfth-century, but re-cut by William of Wykeham. Evidences plainly showing these changes will be found in the north transept, where the original work still remains, Wykeham's transformation ceasing at this point. You will also notice that the triforium of the older work is represented in the nave by a panelled gallery, quite obscuring the older work. Externally you will meet with other evidences of the same transformation, pure Perpendicular windows having been inserted into wide-jointed axe-hewn masonry, and in some cases the actual Norman windows are filled with Perpendicular tracery, with results which at the best are incongruous. In the Early English style is the work of Bishop De Lucy (son of the great justiciar of Henry I.) which is found in the eastern choir aisles and the westernmost portion of the Lady Chapel. There is a little Decorated work in the presbytery, while in one or two places will be found pure Renaissance details

mixed with pure Gothic. This is notably so in the chantry chapel of Bishop Gardiner.

Mention of this chantry calls to mind one of the most interesting features of the cathedral —that is, the great number of

The Chantry Chapels similar chantry chapels in the building. For the most part they

are well preserved, and form an interesting study, being exceptional in the history of our cathedrals. Of the seven, you should certainly examine that of Bishop William of Wykeham (died 1404), the founder of Winchester School and New College, Oxford.

In the north-west corner of the nave, under a gallery (perhaps a singing gallery, but now used as a library and the bishop's consistory court), is a very interesting relic in the form of four pieces of wrought iron, forming a grille, and dating from the eleventh century. They are the earliest specimens of mediæval ironwork now known to exist, and originally stood at the head of the stairs leading to the choir from the south transept. Their position can still be noted on the stonework, where the marks of the bolts and hinges remain. The screen served to keep the pilgrims to St Swithin's shrine, and lay folk generally, from the purely monastic portion of the church—the choir and presbytery.

In the west wall of the north transept will be found a Norman doorway, now blocked. Tradition has it that this was the pilgrims' doorway, for those that at various festivals flocked to St Swithin's shrine. Of this shrine nothing remained after the whirlwind of the Reformation. There is, behind the reredos, a patch of plain tiles marking the site. Imagination may re-create the rest, as we shall find it will have to do also at Canterbury, where stood the shrine of a greater if not better man.

Also worthy of notice is the Norman font (*circa*. 1170) on the north side of the nave. It is of black Tournai marble, and is one of seven in the kingdom, the others being at St Peter's, Ipswich, St Michael's, Southampton, East, Meon, Lincoln Minster, Thornton Curtis, and St Mary Bourne.¹ There are also six in France and three in Belgium, of which that at Zedelghem, near Bruges, is most like that of Winchester. The story carved thereon is that of St Nicholas of Myra, the patron saint of boys, sailors, thieves and impecunious lovers. The quaint figures and contemporaneous costumes and buildings are full of interest.

The great screen cannot pass without a brief notice. Londoners especially will know of

¹ See *Black Tournai Fonts in England*. By Cecil H. Eden.

the similar screen in Southwark Cathedral, and perhaps too they will know of the equally fine one at St Albans. But

The Altar Winchester holds the palm, and
Screen her screen, with its amazingly elaborate detail and its number of statues, commands attention.

These latter are in part an epitome of the religious history of England. There you will find Queen Victoria to the left of the south door, balanced by Alfred on the right. There is St Swithin and the Blessed Virgin, and there is Keble, the saintly author of *The Christian Year*, who lived at Hursley, a mile or two out of the city. So you could go through the whole catalogue of some seventy personages there represented, of all ages, of all nations. It need hardly be remarked that all of these statues are modern work: the original occupants of the niches were removed at the Reformation, and for many years the screen was covered with cloth hangings, hiding the carved stone tracery work, a great picture by West (since removed to America) occupying the space now filled by the Holy Family group.

By the west doors are two bronze statues, of James I. and his son Charles I. They are peculiar in that the body of each was taken

from the same mould, and then fitted with a headpiece to suit the personage represented. They are the work of Hubert le Sueur, who worked in this country about 1630, and was responsible for the statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross. Evidently he was a keen man of business, but one wonders whether he would have turned out counterfeits of, say, Henry VIII. and his son in the same manner.

But all this is in the manner of a catalogue, and therefore somewhat dismal. Instead we may think of the spirit of Alfred that dominates the grey cathedral and city too ; of the shade of Cnut, benefactor both to the church of St Swithin and to its rival, the New Minster, and whose bones rest now in one of the mortuary chests in the choir of the cathedral ; of Rufus, brought dishonoured along an ancient road that you may trace if you will, his life-blood mingling with the grime of the charcoal burner's cart, to a grave within the walls of the church ; or of the marriage ceremonies of Queen Mary and Philip of Spain, solemnised in this place with great rejoicings. And this done, you have only cast a passing thought on a small fraction of the host of notabilities who have lived or died within the walls of Winchester. They are of all time, and in many

a strange nook or out-of-the-way corner you will find something reminiscent of Winchester worthies.

Out again in the close, we notice the strong walls that remain—relics of those stormy ages when the great bell clanged, and the citizens, under the protection of Mother Church, bid defiance to the king in his castle on the hill-top. Sometimes the great oaken gates were shut in the face of the fickle citizens as they clamoured noisily for redress against some offending brother; but whichever party shouted at the doors, the monks felt secure behind their close wall, with the advantage also of inviolable sanctuary, at which the king might storm in vain. There are numerous remains of the abbey buildings, notably the east range of the claustral buildings, with the Chapter House entry and the slype to the cemetery. In various buildings in the close other fragments of the abbey are incorporated. The Deanery, with the fine triple-arched front, was the Prior's Lodging. Out of the Close gate, with Cheney Court, formerly the episcopal court of the Soke of Winchester, near by, we come upon one of the gates of the old city—Kingsgate, a simple thirteenth-century structure, the upper storey of which was rebuilt in the sixteenth

century in a very plain style as a church dedicated to St Swithin. Beyond we take the wall of St Mary's College (the foundation of William of Wykeham), and passing the cemetery, where once stood the old church of St Faith, we come to the pleasant suburb of St Cross, overshadowed by the prehistoric fortress crowning St Catherine's Hill. It would be worth while to climb this steep hill ; the view from the top is quite enjoyable, for then you may see how admirably the city is situated, and that the author of the lines at the head of this chapter was not far wrong in his estimate. But in addition to the prospect, in addition to the homage you pay to the antiquity of the hill and its fortifications, you are on a spot also hallowed by the religious feeling of the Middle Ages. Here stood the little chapel of St Catherine, of which no vestige remains, but there is still, scored on the chalk, a curious labyrinth, about which many equally curious tales are told. The general explanation is that this was a " Pilgrims' Way " in miniature, a processional path for the poor or physically weak, for those who were unable to make a longer journey, a journey round the maze being considered equivalent to a much more extended pilgrimage, but even this is not by

any means certain. Similar "miz-mazes" are to be found in other country districts and on the nave floors of some Continental cathedrals, for instance at Amiens and Chartres. A local tradition, perhaps not of a very ancient origin, tells a somewhat different tale, but the fact that a religious establishment stood here is a great point for the accuracy of the first theory.

But this is a digression. We were on the main Southampton Road, at the pleasant village of St Cross. This road **St Cross** in itself is historic, for along it came Continental travellers to the shrine of St Swithin. Coming to Winchester, from the long sea passage (which brought them to Southampton), they would pass, then newly erected, the Hospital of Saint Cross, which, by following the wall of the Master's Garden, we find on our right hand. An open gateway shows us the noble Beaufort Tower, a Perpendicular construction—built in 1420 by the cardinal of that name, who reorganised and added considerably to the more ancient foundation.

Under the tower is the porter's lodge, and if you are very early in the day you may be able to obtain gratis—not indeed Omar's jug of



ST CROSS, WINCHESTER:
THE ENTRANCE GATEWAY

wine and loaf of bread—but a horn of ale and a crust of white bread, the last survival of a pleasant old custom which pilgrims and wayfarers no doubt appreciated, as do sundry passers-by at the present. At the same lodge you obtain tickets to view the church and the Brethren's Hall. On entering the building you will find one of the ancient inmates awaiting you, and he will be your guide. The architectural features of the church are worthy of inspection, being of the Norman, Transitional, Early English and Decorated periods, though it must be confessed that much of the simple grandeur of the interior is spoilt by an attempt to get eighteenth-century artists to re-create the atmosphere of the thirteenth. The mural decorations are, to say the least, far from happy. Outside the church there is a fine wooden cloister with an ambulatory above, this latter leading from the infirmary to the church. The Brethren's Hall on no account must be missed. There are fragments of old glass to be seen, and an exceedingly quaint bird sits wisely on the newel post of a fifteenth-century staircase.

But above all, the exquisite situation, on the edge of the beautiful Itchen, and the indescribable calm that pervades the place, form the

chief attraction of St Cross. It can only be compared with a strangely dissimilar spot—Staple Inn, Holborn. This is a pleasant refuge on an uncomfortably hot summer day in London, for there in the cool, cobbled quadrangle you may—in the strange mysterious periods of silence that punctuate the twittering of innumerable sparrows and starlings—close your eyes and there is the greensward and the sun-dial of St Cross, with quiet, black-robed, bowed brethren here and there.

And delightful fellows these brethren are. You will enjoy your visit under their guidance. They have a pride in their possession, and speak lovingly of it, and when the round of sightseeing is done, a sympathetic word, adroitly put, will bring many reminiscences to their lips, that will at least interest and amuse. A touching feature is the dignity that still holds to the wearers of the red gowns, who are careful to point out, in no arrogant manner, that they are quite superior persons compared with the black-robed inmates.

Leaving this delightful spot, a stroll along the water-side brings us back to the city, passing on our way the college meads, the playing-fields of St Mary's College, and the scene, in summer, of an interesting ceremony.

Just before the summer vacation the whole school and its numerous friends assemble here and sing their ancient school song *Dulce Domum*, then departing to their several homes.

We leave the river bank, and in College Street we find the gateway of Wolvesey Palace, which is open to visitors every weekday. Originally part of the old fortifications of the city, it was handed over to the

**Wolvesey
Palace**

bishops of Winchester in 655, when the second castle, which we shall visit later, was built on the hill. The existing ruins contain some very fine Norman work of the time of Bishop Blois (1138), and were reduced to their present condition in 1646 by order of Oliver Cromwell, but enough remains for the intelligent visitor to trace the general arrangement of the buildings, to locate the Great Hall (135 feet long and 29 feet wide), and to note the interesting Norman details. On the exterior face of the wall, nearly hidden by the shrubbery planted at its base by a too energetic corporation, is some very early herring-bone work, and here and there are fragments of Roman tiles.

Leaving the castle grounds and turning to the right up College Street, we soon reach the entrance to Winchester's ancient and famous

school. Visitors are conducted over the ancient parts of the buildings on application at the porter's lodge. The stern severity of the mediæval school and its fittings will impress many, especially when a contrast is made with the luxury of the present-day educational establishment, and a thought arises whether we are not at the present time running to the other extreme and making schools and scholars too comfortable.

A school existed under the care of the monks of St Swithin long before the Conquest, and here Alfred received that education that stood him so well in later days. The college, in a more or less prosperous condition, existed till the time of William of Wykeham, who erected new buildings, and remodelled the foundation.

Over the outer gateway, built in 1394, is an ancient statue—in a weathered niche—of the college patron saint, and above the middle gate is a group showing the founder attended by St Gabriel and the Blessed Virgin.

The chapel is, however, the crowning glory of the college. Built throughout in the Perpendicular style, a worthy companion to the cathedral nave, the tower is the most com-

manding feature, but the whole building is worthy of as minute an inspection as time permits. In the beautiful cloister near by are the tombs of many Wykehamists—fellows, wardens and masters mingling with pupils who died in their youth.

Beyond the college gate, and on the same side of the road, is a neat but far from pretentious house, which is worthy of note. A wooden tablet over the door tells us that here Jane Austen spent her last days, dying, on the 18th July 1817, at the age of forty-two years. She was buried in the cathedral, where a stained-glass window commemorates her life-work.

A little farther on, the college arms, painted above a pastry-cook's shop, tell of tuck and other schoolboy delights. Then we find facing us Kingsgate and the cathedral close, by way of which we may again reach the High Street.

This street is not as picturesque as many that we shall traverse on our journey, and the prosperity of the city during the years of the war has left many traces behind it, especially in the vulgarising of the High Street, but nevertheless it possesses many interesting features that we may note as we climb the slight rise to West Gate.

High Street occupies the site of the *via*

principalis of Roman days, Jewry Street and Southgate Street, now somewhat out of alignment, forming the secondary road, nearly always observable in Roman towns. It does not bisect the main road, being nearer the West Gate than the East, and is part of the main London to Southampton road.

Standing just below the crossing of these roads we look upward to the West Gate, the dominating feature of the street.

The West Gate To fully realise this, and to see a colour effect that will never fade from your mind, you must choose an autumn evening, when the sun in sumptuous splendour sets directly over the gate. Words fail to describe the delicious harmonies of colour that flood this ancient highroad. Thousands of shades of orange and blue fill the atmosphere. The whole effect is quite like a city of King Arthur described by Malory. Then Winchester seems little removed from the Middle Ages, from its truly golden days.

The gate is a valuable specimen of military architecture dating from the time of Henry III., but the inner face has been altered and added to at various times. The gate-house is open for inspection and contains a museum of local antiquities—armour, weapons, prison relics,

The Pleasures of Ancient Warfare 65

and some of the Winchester weights and measures, especially noticeable being the great Winchester Bushel. The view of the old town, slumbering in the hot afternoon sun, is very fine, and we may turn from a contemplation of this peaceful scene to the various ingenious devices of the Middle Ages for the effectual vanquishment of any assailing party. There are the long narrow slits for the bowmen, the grooves where of old the massive portcullis came rattling down, and the openings upon the outer side of the gate through which molten lead, boiling pitch, sulphur and stinkards and other effective missiles could be hurled on the foe beneath. Really fighting was a pleasant occupation in those days; there was so much to break the monotony that is characteristic of modern warfare.

On the outer—that is, the western—side are the arms of England and Winchester, for the city does not forget the proud title she once held as “Capital of the Realm of England,” and even now she finds it hard to forgive London for usurping her position.

In the street names of Winchester you may find, as you often find in these ancient cities, much history and many pictures of a mediæval town. Many of the names tell of things well-

nigh forgotten, and many, alas, are nonsensical rubbish. Tanner Street is now Lower Brook Street, and Snideling Street—the street of the tailors—is now Tower Street, and many others have gone. Trafalgar Street was old ere Nelson was born, being originally “Gar Stret” or the Spear Makers’ Street. Staple Gardens tells its own story of the old industry of the city, when wool was wealth. When the French invasions of the fourteenth century rendered Southampton too liable to disorder, the staple or market which then was held there was removed to Winchester. Parchment Street is evidently the street of the scribes, and Jewry Street explains itself. The north road of an ancient city was generally set apart for the Jews—an important section of the community, who lived under the protection of the king—for a consideration, of course. But Jews in Winchester were not badly treated; there are evidences that they were even admitted to the freedom of the guilds.

The old Guildhall, a massive building of the last century, is now a shop, and has recently been refronted in very violent red brick, but the old clock and bell remain, the latter still ringing the curfew at eight o’clock. Good Queen

**The Old
Guildhall**

Anne looks stolidly down from her little alcove, evidently shocked by the real badness of the Latin pun that accompanies her.

The private hotel opposite, labelled Godbegot House, has an interesting history. It was originally a royal manor, and took its name, so legend relates, from the fact that when a plague ravaged the city this house alone escaped. It was, till about the middle of the sixteenth century, a separate liberty, where the mayor's authority was as naught, and no doubt that worthy embodiment of civic authority was distressed to see in the courtyard, right beneath his civic nose, all the rogues and loose fellows of the city, who openly derided the burgesses and their representatives. The house may be inspected, and shows nearly all the original woodwork. The front of the house is ugly plaster, hiding the wooden construction, but the view from the top of the adjoining Royal Oak Passage will give an excellent idea of the narrow ways and overhanging houses that formed the streets of a city of the Middle Ages. Behind the City Cross is another fragment of Tudor Winchester. The old timbered houses were originally known as "Helle," "Le Newe House," "Bulhall," and date from the time of Henry VI. The name Helle has evidently been

transferred from the prison that stood in the square, to the rear of these buildings, and which was connected with the palace built by the Conqueror, the sole remains above-ground of this building being found in the wall of the passage leading to the close. A pilaster with capital and some patterned stones are built into the adjoining shop. The City, Market, or Butter Cross, contemporary with the old houses,

**The City
Cross**

is erected near the site of an earlier cross that was in the middle of the street, forming the centre of the town's market. After having been allowed to fall into decay, and nearly carted away as useless, the present cross was restored. In design it is light and graceful, but most of the detail is modern. The figure of St John is the only ancient statue remaining. Beyond this there is not much left of the old city to appeal to us. There is a covered pathway, somewhat suggestive of the Rows of Chester, though here the passage is on the street-level, and is formed by the overhanging seventeenth-century shops. According to the custom of the time it is known as the Piazza, the older name, The Pent House, far more truthful and picturesque, not being sufficiently aristocratic.

The modern Guildhall, on the Broadway, is a Neo-Gothic building, poorly built, of poor materials, but is interesting, as above each window some of the chief events of the history of the city are carved in stone.

St John Chapel (behind St John Rooms), St John Hospital (north of the Broadway) and Chester Hospital (corner of Symond's Street) are worth noting, containing as they do some early work.

Some of Winchester's great treasures are those of the present day. There are the two bronze statues, one at either end of the town. That of Alfred is beyond description in its sublime simplicity. It is a noble monument to a noble man. The other statue, as is fitting, is to an equally noble woman, Queen Victoria, and is to be found in the hall of the castle near the west gate. It was originally in

**Queen
Victoria's
Statue**

the Abbey Gardens, near to the Alfred station and on the site of an abbey founded by Ealhswith, Alfred's queen. Its situation was an excellent example of how not to do things, for it was absolutely impossible to examine the delicate craftsmanship that is the statue's great merit. Designed for the sombre brilliance of a Byzantine apse, where every-

thing would be subordinated to the statue, it was there a magnificent thing wasted. In fact the history of this statue is not very flattering to the city fathers, for this marvellous piece of sculpture was once suffered to be neglected in a corner, covered with a tarpaulin. No wonder poor Alfred Gilbert fled to "Bruges le Mort," and there like a hermit fashioned beautiful things that his artistic soul would not suffer to leave him. Justice has at last been done to this statue, and now it is possible to examine every detail with ease, with the result that the visitor brings away a memory of a thing of beauty that remains a joy for ever.

In the house in the Abbey Gardens is a small collection of sculpture, open to the public on Wednesdays, but containing nothing very remarkable. While on the subject of museums, mention might be made of the City Museum in the cathedral close, not standing very high in the list of provincial museums, but containing an interesting collection of natural history exhibits, chiefly from the district, and many relics of the ingenuity of early and primitive man.

And now a brief list of the other interesting things that are worth a passing glance must conclude the chapter. The abbey of Hyde

The Destruction of Hyde Abbey 71

demands a short account of its varying fortunes, though it really belongs to our first day's pilgrimage. The foundation was

Hyde Abbey originally situated near the cathedral, being called the New Minster, and was established by Alfred the Great. This was too near the abbey of St Swithin, and many quarrels and ruptures came about. Therefore the whole community moved, in the time of Henry I., to the present site without the city walls. The monks took with them the bones of their pious founder—their most treasured possession — and reinterred them in their splendid new church. Here they remained till the Dissolution in 1538, when the arch-destroyer, Thomas Cromwell, was informed by his zealous lieutenants that

We intend, both at Hyde and St Mary's, to sweep away all the rotten bones that be called relics which we may not omit lest it should be thought that we came more for the treasure than for the avoiding the abomination of idolatry.

So, with such significant words, the work of destruction was begun. The buildings were razed, but the foundations may, in part, still be traced, and there is left the fine Perpendicular gateway, now under the protection of the corporation, and a few fragments of a bridge. Alfred's tomb went also, and the human and

mortal part of the great king was scattered to the winds. Some time later, digging foundations for a penitentiary, an incised slab was found, with the one majestic word AELFRED upon it. Whether this once covered the body of the king or not it is impossible to say, but it is much to be regretted that the only possible relic from Hyde was allowed to be removed. It now rests in a castle museum hundreds of miles from its rightful home. Not that it matters much. In Winchester, as in another noble place, *Si monumentum requiris circumspice*. Hyde Abbey has another claim upon our respect, for it was the home of that art, or rather that branch of art, known as English Illumination. Examples of this purely native style may be seen in the British Museum, and the New Minster Gospels and the Charter of King Edgar are two of the finest examples extant.

On the hill, near the West Gate, are the remains of the royal palace, of which the hall is the chief portion standing. It is open for inspection, and is a typical thirteenth-century hall. With its nave and aisles—these latter separated from the former by arcades of five bays, carried on four graceful free columns—it is a remarkably fine example of the domestic

architecture of the period. The so-called subterranean passage was probably in the nature of a sally-port. The whole building is of the most excellent proportions. Beyond the statue of Queen Victoria, before mentioned, it contains "King Arthur's Round Table," which hangs on the wall. Alas that it should be said—but it is an evident forgery, though we may satisfy ourselves that the forgery is an ancient one.

Caxton, in his preface to *Le Morte D'Arthur*, mentions this relic as a proof of Arthur's existence—

Item in the castle of Dover, ye may see Gawaine's skull and Craddock's mantle: at Winchester, the Round Table, in other places, Lancelot's sword and many other things. Then all these things considered, there can no man reasonably gainsay but there was a king of this land named Arthur.

Others believed it, to wit John Hardyng, an ancient metrical chronicler.

The Rounde Table at Wyn'ter beganne,
And there it ended, and there it hangeth yet.

So he says, and the modern pilgrim may test the truth of his statement.

The windows should be noticed and compared with the west door of St Cross: the detail is identical, and would lead one to suppose that one architect is responsible for both.

Of parliaments and courts of justice that were held in this ancient hall there is hardly room to speak here, but the story of Alicia Lisle will bear repeating. Dame Lisle, of Ringwood, was the elderly widow of John Lisle, one of the regicides, who had represented Winchester in the Long Parliament, and had been for a time the master of St Cross. After the "bloody business" of Sedgemoor, when the ill-clothed peasantry of the west country were fleeing from the savageries of Judge Jeffreys, it so happened that this charitable lady gave help and succour to some of the malcontents. That in itself, without her very repugnant Cromwellian taint, was sufficient to bring down upon her head the wrath of the king and his judges. Brought up for trial at Winchester, she was three times acquitted by the jury, who saw in her action only the Christian charity of a beloved country lady. Not so Jeffreys, however. With his coarse and foul language he sent the jury back, time after time, till at last they succumbed. The verdict of guilty was brought in, and a few days later, in the Market Square, Dame Alicia paid the penalty for her kindness to the down-trodden, and for her husband's actions.

Close by the old castle or palace is the site of another royal residence, one of the four palaces that once adorned this city. The Winchester barracks that were destroyed in 1894 contained the unfinished fragments of the Renaissance palace built by Sir Christopher Wren for Charles II. The plans, now in All Souls' Library, Oxford, show that a most magnificent building was contemplated, an English Versailles in short, with a grand approach from the cathedral west front. When these incomplete buildings were destroyed, the present extensive barracks were built on the site.

All of the city churches are worth a peep, especially that of St John the Baptist, with a peculiar ground-plan, an outside staircase to the rood-screen loft, fragments of old glass and wall-paintings, these latter depicting the Last Judgment and the Resurrection.

St Maurice has an old Saxon sun-dial on the south side of the tower, and a late sanctus bell (1610). St Michael has a few interesting points, as also has St Peter, Cheesehill (Chesul = Ceosel = gravel, *i.e.* the Strand), with its twelfth-century arcade and quaint half-timbered rectory over the way.

St Michael's Church has an interesting

thirteenth-century sun-dial, though the church was rebuilt in 1822.

On the two chalky hills, St Catherine (of which we have already spoken) and St Giles, huge fairs were held which, like the famous Stourbridge fair or those Continental trade fairs of Novgorod or Leipzig, brought great crowds of people to the cities. While they were held, trade in the city was at a standstill, so it is very easy to explain how these fairs fell into disrepute. The antagonism of the citizens was, after a struggle, quite effective, and the survival to-day is quite a tame affair, chiefly given over to travelling shows. These fairs were a feature of the Middle Ages: we shall find many vestiges in the larger towns as we journey eastward.

Without the city are many very interesting villages, with equally worthy churches and associations. Such are Chilcomb, with its tiny church dating from the early twelfth century; St Mary's Week (or Wike), a fifteenth-century church with an interesting late brass with a figure of St Christopher; Easton, with very fine Norman work; Hursley, and Merdon Castle, associated with two such diverse persons as Richard Cromwell, one-time Protector of England, and John Keble. Or there is

Twyford, with its magnificent yew-tree and a modern church built on a hilly site that once held an earlier church. Here may have stood a stone circle, for the sarsens which comprised it, or some of them at least, are lying round about. In a house in this village, it may be noted, Pope received his early education, and here, too, at Twyford House, Dr Franklin wrote his autobiography. In the chapel attached to Brambridge House, George IV. is said to have married Mrs Fitzherbert.

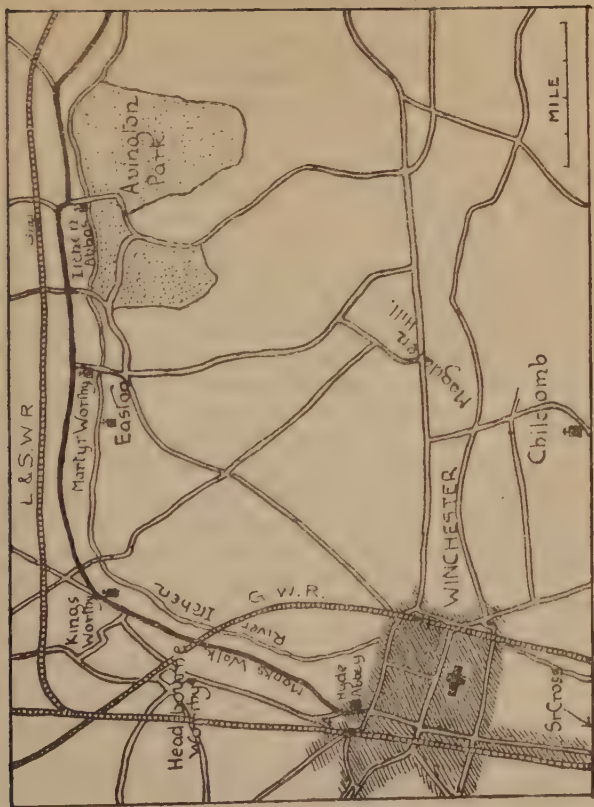
But these pleasant recollections could be continued for ever. An end must come, for we are as yet not advanced upon our pilgrimage. Canterbury is some one hundred and twenty miles away, and there is much to be seen. On the morrow we must set off.

Chapter VI

On the Road in Hampshire

OUR road in leaving the city is that through the North Gate, which is reached by Jewry Street. No vestige of the actual gate is above-ground, but its site is roughly indicated by the walled garden at the top of North Walls. Continuing along Hyde Street (which owing to the demands of later buildings is only approximately the path), we reach the church of St Bartholomew, opposite the ruins of Hyde Abbey. This

The Church of St Bartholomew church is built in parts of stone removed from the abbey, some of which was also taken to Stratton to build a house for Wriothesley, but the foundation is probably of the same date as the abbey. The building, like St Swithin's over Kingsgate, was erected for parochial purposes, the abbey church having been concerned primarily with the devotion of the community. In the south porch is an old stoup, discovered during digging operations.



Much of the Norman work is original, and the rest is well copied from the fragments discovered.

Another farewell glimpse of the abbey, and then we follow the little rivulet, the Bourne, which is embanked, and formed part of the waterworks constructed by Ethelwold for the benefit of the city and abbey, the mill of the latter having been served by it. The pleasant raised bank known as "The Nuns' Walk"¹ is the actual site of the track across the water-meadows, and its artificial construction is due to the need for a firm path, which would also act as an embankment to retain the stream in which, as indeed in all the waters round, trout abound. The old farm buildings on the left are generally said to be the remains of the monastic farm buildings. They may be the remains of a grange at one time the residence of the abbey steward. There is the fragment of a little oratory still remaining. Farther on we cross the stream, where an old cart track leads to the marshes past a pretty wooded hollow, with a cottage all but hidden in the trees. Flat and very moist, the path is quite evident, leading straight for the smaller railway

¹ The older and more accurate name is "The Monks' Walk," as marked on the sketch map, but this name has now fallen into disuse.

arch. In spring and summer the spot is yellow with marsh marigold and wild iris. This is also one of the many streams along whose banks the mimulus has established itself. Passing under the arch, the footpath runs by the side of the railway, and then breaks off to make direct for King's Worthy church, beyond which we strike the highway from Winchester. If we had been content to miss this ancient track, we could have taken the turnpike, and though we should have forgone the picturesque water-meadows, a string of interesting villages would have amply satisfied our historical appetite.

The series of tiny hamlets known as the Worthys will claim for a moment our attention. Headbourne Worthy—that is, the town of the Hyde Bourne—possesses a fine little Saxon church, dedicated to St Martin. The main fabric of the church is of late tenth or early eleventh century date, with “long and short work,” but the treasure is a fine external crucifix, also of Saxon times, which stood originally on the Saxon west wall. In the fifteenth century the existing western addition was placed there as a protection for the relic, with an altar at the foot of the cross. The

carving has been badly mutilated and nothing remains but the faint outline of the Figure, some conventional tear-drops and a letter or two. The more famous and better-preserved example at Romsey Abbey will give an excellent idea of this relic before its mutilation. The brass to John Kent, a scholar at the school of Winchester, is an interesting record of scholarly dress about 1430.

Our road is forward, and we soon come to King's Worthy and Abbot's Worthy, bearing in their names their origin, but now by a strange irony united to form one parish, the church of which, St Mary, of early Perpendicular work, is only of slight interest. Though pretty villages, there is little here to detain us, and we follow the road, with an occasional glimpse of the Itchen below, sparkling in the morning sun, till we reach Martyr Worthy. Here

Martyr

Worthy

is a little Norman church dedicated to St Swithin, which is commonly supposed to contain the tomb of the old sea-dog, Sir Challoner Ogle, the same who slew the pirate Roberts "off the coast of the High Barbare-ee." The knight is, however, buried in the cathedral at Winchester. There are good north and south Norman doorways, but the rest of the church is modernised.

A sharp drop in the road, and we are at Itchen Abbas, evidently a possession of the monastery of Hyde, though some fanciful minds would say that it is *à bas*—*i.e.* in a hole.

Itchen

Abbas

The little village is most picturesque, and there is another little Norman church, though very

much restored. The doorways are original, and there are remains of the rood staircase. There is a remarkable monument in the churchyard recording the fact that Bishop Badow of Chichester had five daughters, each of whom married a bishop—Hereford, Lichfield, Winchester (twice) and York. Surely a unique record. The Plough Inn was in Kingsley's time noted for its ale, and let us hope for rustic beauty also. It is at present far from being a handsome or even worthy building, but I can speak feelingly of its ales: perhaps it was the hot summer morn, but Kingsley was a connoisseur. Pencil and camera well may be employed in this quiet spot.

Easton, that was mentioned in the previous chapter, should be visited from Martyr Worthy, unless you took the East Gate road from Winchester; it certainly must not be missed. Note now the well-wooded uplands of Avington Park, where the Merry Monarch, Charles II.,

held court while his new palace was building in the city beyond, and where the frivolous Lady Shrewsbury lived. It will be remembered that in a duel between **Avington** her husband and her lover, George **Park** Villiers, she, disguised as a page, looked on while Shrewsbury was slain. This event did not, however, happen here, for Pepys, who tells the tale, puts the incident "close near Barn Elms." In the opposite direction is the Grange, the home of the Ashburtons, the friends of Carlyle. He was a frequent visitor here, and the pleasant woods and glades must oft have afforded welcome relief from his greatest enemy—noise.

Though the main road is to be followed still we shall see on the hill-side the remnant of the older way, which carries on the alignment of the previous section, but this is only a small matter, and we travel on by the side of the Itchen for some distance till the rather foreign-looking church of Itchen Stoke meets our eye. The name indicates a river crossing, a staked ford, and we therefore turn down the lane on our right, which takes us past picturesque cottages to the river-side. Here you will find much food of spiritual beauty for your eye, and if you find, as we once did, an engaging ancient



(a) THE ROAD AS A FORD: AT ITCHEN STOKE
 (b) THE ROAD ON THE CHALK SLOPES: PEBBLECOMBE

man, who as he led us through the marsh discoursed on times long since, the crossing will be an enjoyable journey. Note as you cross the large wooden bridge the shallowness of the water, its evident artificial bottom, and the spot shown by a descending gap in the bank where



the Old Road struck the ford. The village of Ovington is before us, but need not detain us. Bearing to the left, leaving Ovington church on the hill-side to the right, we have a gentle climb till the main road is reached. The path cuts this almost at right angles, and then on the left we espy a narrow footpath between high-banked hedges. Here for another stretch the

road has fallen from its high estate, but after a few yards it widens out into a more or less passable road, somewhat flinty and loose in dry weather. Over the ford then, and a somewhat uninteresting road takes us to the workhouse and inn. We are in a rather notorious district,

for here are situated some of the
Tichborne Tichborne estates that were prominently before the public some years back. On our right we leave the church, dedicated to St Andrew, with its Norman chancel and monuments to the Tichborne family, and the park. One portion of the estate is called the "Crawles," which name keeps alive the ancient legend akin to that of Godiva. It tells how the Lady Mabelle, the charitable wife of a mediæval Tichborne, sick, nigh to death, crawled round as much land as she could while a torch remained alight. The revenues from this land were devoted to the relief of the poor of Tichborne, but in these latter days the administration of the charity became lax, and the undesirables gathered from all parts to the detriment of the originally intended recipients. Hence the whole was commuted, the money invested and the interest expended on flour, which is distributed to those entitled to share in the bequest. Tichborne

church books throw an interesting sidelight upon the users of the road in the seventeenth century, for a considerable number of entries refer to help given to wayfarers, chief of whom seem to be seamen, with an occasional sprinkling of soldiers, "poor people," and "biggar women," and, perhaps as food for thought on the road, the interpretation of the following cryptic statement might be interesting :—

innery 20 fraces dishon for 3½ dayes, 3s. 9d.

From the inn, which is the headquarters of the Alresford Golf Club, we take the road just beyond it, which leads from Tichborne Down to the neat little borough of Alresford, where, if need be, accommodation can be obtained at most of the numerous and excellent inns.

Alresford boasts of its highly respectable antiquity, and, though its bailiffs and burgesses are no more, the town still thrives. Bishop De Lucy brought much trade to Alresford when he constructed the Itchen navigation, thus allowing fair-sized vessels to come up from Southampton. The huge pond is a part of the scheme and was made to ensure a sufficiency of water in the canal. It is a delightful spot, and fringed

as it is with rushes, and haunted by wild-fowl, must not be passed by. The author of that dainty little Jacobean song—

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?

—George Wither, who was born at Bentworth, farther along the road, often lingered on the spot, and when in evil days he exchanged the pleasures of Hampshire for the vileness of the Marshalsea he must often have gone in imagination to this favoured spot and sung its praises, more sweetly and more finely, as Lamb suggests, than if he had been free. In his poem, *The Mistress of Philarete*, there is a description of this pleasant Hampshire village, the Alre, the Itchen and Alresford Pool, which, though long, is worth quoting:

Two pretty rills do meet, and meeting make
Within one valley a large silver lake.

. . . Pleasant was that pool, and near it then
Was neither rotten marsh nor boggy fen.
It was not overgrown with boisterous sedge,
Nor grew there rudely, then, along the edge,
A bending willow nor a prickly bush,
Nor broad-leaved flag, nor reed, nor knotty rush,
But here, well ordered, was a grove with bowers,
There grassy plots set round about with flowers.
Here you might, through the water, see the land
Appear, strewn o'er with white or yellow sand.

Yon, deeper it was ; and the wind, by whiffs,
Would make it rise, and wash the little cliffs ;
On which, oft pluming, sate unfrighted than,
The gagging wild goose and the snow-white swan
With all those flocks of fowls, which, to this day,
Upon those quiet waters breed and play.

To turn, however, to the town. Alresford became, because of this canal, an important centre of the wool trade, and continued such till the Civil War of Charles I. This seemed to rage with particular fury in Hampshire, and in 1644 the Royalists set fire to the town after their defeat at Cheriton. The scene of the battle is about three miles south of New Alresford. This was not the only time that Alresford suffered by fire. In 1619 damage to the extent of twenty-four thousand pounds was done. This conflagration was a serious blow to the borough, from which one may say it never recovered. There are other reminiscences of war in Alresford, for to this town, as to many others in Hampshire, came the French prisoners taken in the long Napoleonic wars. In the churchyard many of these strangers are buried, finding peace at last in their foe's quiet villages. The casual wanderer cannot but be struck with the abundance of French names—many of noble family and descent—on the tombstones. French names still occur in the neighbourhood,

quite suggestive of romances, now forgotten, of love stories and attachments between the pathetic French prisoner of war and the charming Hampshire lass. In Broad Street we find

the humble home of Mary Mitford, who was born there, as the tablet announces, in 1787. She was proud of it too, for she speaks of

it later in life, to the effect that Alresford had two claims for remembrance, ME and Cricket. Perhaps she did not intend to be taken seriously, but the fact remains that Alresford is not *Our Village*, it being presumed, therefore, that the said town had obtained enough notoriety already. Old Alresford, a mile distant, has shrunk to very little measure—two or three houses, very ancient and dilapidated, and an immense green practically comprising the whole village. But if you intend to rest the evening at Alresford—and there are good inns there—you could do no better than walk out here in the cool of the evening, watch Hampshire cricketers in embryo upon the green, and then in the purple evening roam back past the immense pond to your lodging.

Rejoining the road, we next strike Bishop's Sutton. Here was once the home of the bishops of Winchester, but only the site of

the kennels is now traceable. St Nicholas' Church, which should be visited, consists of a twelfth-century nave, with a fourteenth-century chancel. Good north and south doorways of Norman date, and the fifteenth-century woodwork of the belfry are points worthy of attention.

**Bishop's
Sutton**

The main Alresford road here joins the old way, and the two continue together for the next mile or so. Careful observation of the fields to the right will show, however, that the original track was farther south, as the raised embankment will testify. Continue therefore till the Anchor Inn is reached.

Now the undoubted site of the Old Road would be in direct alignment from the Anchor Inn to the gardens behind the Chequers' Inn, thus to North Street and Blackberry Lane.

Ropley

But this is all gone, so a detour must be made. The most direct line is obviously the main road, with its traffic and uninteresting surroundings. But it would be far pleasanter to leave the high road at the branch road, a little beyond the ninth milestone, and then make for Ropley. By so doing you will be following the course that legend and tradition assign to

the pilgrims (though there are other equally legendary paths, some even going as far south as East Tisted). Not that you will find Ropley of vast interest, though the old houses on its steep street leading up to the church (somewhat restored) are in some lights quite picturesque. From here past the church and round to the left at Gilbert Street will bring you to the line of the Old Road at North Street.

If you keep to the main road this continues till the Chequers Inn, an old-fashioned hostelry, is reached. The road here bifurcates, and bearing to the right we arrive at North Street, mentioned above. Now the way takes its course as a lane parallel to the main road and railway, and some half-mile distant from this latter. The way is direct for Alton, and the lane "Blackberry Lane." The rural aspect of the lane has almost disappeared, owing to building operations, but it must be traversed, as it is in all probability a portion of the ancient way. Just where this lane enters the metalled road is a little wood, and the lane swerves to the left. Evidences can be seen, however, that prove the road to have traversed this little coppice, coming out near the thirteenth milestone. We are now directly bearing on Alton and the High Street of that

town, but the march of modern invention has completely destroyed the site of the old track, the railway taking its place. At the fifteenth milestone the roadway may be said to become modern, so we make the rest of the journey in



twentieth-century spirit till we reach Chawton, on the Gosport road.

Jane Austen lived here for some time, her residence being now the Workmen's Improvement Club. The church of St Nicholas deserves a peep, though most of the exterior has been rebuilt, and in the churchyard are buried the mother and sister of the novelist. Chawton

Chawton

House, in a finely wooded park, is an Elizabethan mansion, originally the home of the Knights, one of whom, Sir Richard, has a tomb in the church. He was one of the many who risked life and fortune for the Stuarts, and he was made a knight of the Royal Oak as a reward for his loyalty.

About a mile more and we enter Alton, having come about eighteen miles direct from Winchester. According to some authorities the actual route can be traced in part from the thirteenth milestone (see p. 92). There is a track, parallel to the main road, but on the other side of the railway, which leads somewhere near to the modern byroad passing Sir William Treloar's Cripple Homes. A stretch of cultivated ground intervenes between this and the old path known locally as Love Lane. Another hiatus, due to private grounds, and then it enters the town near the Wheatsheaf Hotel, by way of Amery Street and Amery Hill to the parish church. But the frequent gaps make this difficult to follow. Alton as a town dates back to the time of Alfred and before, for evidences of Roman occupation are often discovered. The church, as is usual, is the most important feature, and contains work of Saxon, Norman and later dates.

The stoup in the porch, the misericords, the wooden roof with some queer carving, and the Jacobean pulpit are some points **Alton Church** that will appeal to the visitor.

Norman work will be seen under the tower. Here again are signs of the Civil War shown in no light manner on the doors. The king's men were driven inside the church, and under the leadership of one Captain Boles (there is a tablet to his memory on a pier near the west door, a facsimile of the original in Winchester Cathedral) they fought till every man was slain. The wood and stone work testify to the savagery of the affair. The reredos is quite modern, and is carved from designs by Sir Arthur Blomfield, R.A.

In the town is a good museum, chiefly of natural history subjects, worthy of more attention than it is the fate of museums in general to command: it is situated in the picturesque group of buildings near the fountain. The large triangular green, known as the "Butts," or "Robin Hood's Butts," is the town recreation ground, evidently the survival of the green whereon the butts were erected on the Sabbath, that every burgess might practise with the yew bow and clothyard shaft for the better protection of the homeland.

If it is intended to stay here for any time, the locality is one abounding in delightful rambles. As nature lovers we are in duty bound to make a pilgrimage of some nine miles through Hartley Mauditt, with its lovely Norman church, to Gilbert White's Selborne, where his birthplace, "The Wakes," survives, though somewhat altered. Then returning through Faringdon, where White held a curacy, the way will take one through the heart of the country that he loved so well. Woolmer Forest is somewhat farther off.

Alton is famous too for its Anglican abbey, the first superior of which was the late Father Hopkins. Those interested in the Church revival and Anglican monasticism will find one or two interesting features in the parts of the establishment shown to visitors. Sir William Treloar's Cripple Homes, already mentioned, deserve a visit and something more. Architecturally, however, they are of little interest. Their chief claim to our interest is that the buildings were erected in response to the "Absent-Minded Beggar" appeal of the South African War as a national hospital for disabled soldiers. Leaving Alton, the old road coincides with the High Street, and our first stop will be Holybourne, unless we take, as

indeed we should, one or all of the short paths leaving the road on the right. They all lead to the River Wey, and some **Holybourne** of the most charming mills and river scenery will reward the pilgrim who spares a few half-hours to wander right or left at will. Holybourne takes its name from the little Bourne, which rises in the churchyard and, flowing through the parish, enters the River Wey. No doubt the water was in request in the olden days as a sovereign cure for all ills, but its glory has gone, and Holybourne is chiefly remembered, if at all, as the home of Mrs Gaskell, the biographer of Charlotte Brontë. She lived for some time at "The Lawn," and there in 1865 she died. The church, an early structure, approached by a fine lych-gate, contains little of interest. The road is now a well-made turnpike, and is such to Farnham and beyond. There seems, however, to be some doubt in other writers' minds as to the exact route followed by the folk in the Middle Ages. Many mention a road through the Alice Holt Wood. It is more than likely that the Old Road and the so-called Pilgrims' Way are identical, there being no need for a detour, especially as the wood was the known resort of outlaws.

The road then is merely utilitarian. Froyle, with its Elizabethan house dated 1588, and its church—the chancel only of which is ancient (late thirteenth-century)—and Coldrey will not hold us, though we may pause at Bentley to admire the fine yews that line the approach to the church. Here, too, in 1643, before the disaster of Cheriton, Waller held a grand review of his troops. A mile or two south of the road is Binsted, with a fine military table tomb to

Binsted

Sir Richard Westcote in the church. Binsted was also the home of the ancestors of another famous warrior, the late Earl Kitchener. Two miles beyond Bentley we cross the county boundary, and enter the most ancient part of the way, the hill-side route, that continues, as will be remembered, the almost extinct Harrow Way from the west.

Now as we cross the border and climb into Farnham we are already on the line of chalky hills that will bring us safe to Canterbury. We shall find more difficult going, but as far as eye can see are pleasant stretches of well-watered valleys shimmering in the sun. It is a land to see and conquer.

Chapter VII

The Road through Surrey

AT Farnham you get a foretaste of the pleasures of Kent, for here you are in the centre of a hop-growing district, which extends into Surrey and Hampshire. Oast houses, hop gardens and breweries appear on every hand, and you

will do ill if you do not sample
Farnham Farnham ales, to refresh you on your pilgrimage. But Farnham has other points of interest beside beer, though she undoubtedly owes her prosperity to hops, which have been grown here continuously since 1597, when a Mr Buknell planted the first field.

Farnham is indissolubly connected with the royal city of Winchester, or rather with that diocese, for since A.D. 860, when it was granted to St Swithin, it has remained part of the possessions of the Bishop of Winchester, and now its castle is the official residence of the bishop of the diocese. This castle was built

by Henry of Blois, but practically all of his work has disappeared. In fact the present castle dates only from 1684, when Bishop Morley reconstructed the whole fabric. The keep is well worth seeing, containing as it does most of the interesting features to be noted; but an order must be obtained from the chaplain. Architectural details that ought to be noted are some of the remains of the old keep, now utilised as a rockery, and the fine brick tower of Bishop Fox, which, though it has lost its original windows, is still an imposing pile. Inside there is a good Transitional doorway near the entrance corridor, and in various parts of the kitchen and servants' hall there is twelfth-century work. Most of the woodwork was erected under John Webb, a nephew of Inigo Jones.

The view from the top of the hill is one that should not be missed. Below, the path can be seen losing itself in the Hampshire river mists as it winds by the Alre and the Itchen, while in the park of some three hundred acres that stretches at one's feet, another little stream meanders, to join the Wey some distance on. The beautifully wooded park is open to the public.

Queen Elizabeth was a frequent visitor to the castle, and the story goes that on meeting

the Duke of Norfolk here she warned him to be careful upon which pillow he rested his head. This somewhat cryptic remark becomes more clear when we learn that the duke was at that time planning a marriage with Mary Queen of Scots. It also suggests that Elizabeth had already marked down her quarry and was but waiting for the kill.

The castle figured in the Barons' Wars of 1216, when it was captured by the Dauphin, and in the Civil War of Charles I. it had the unique distinction of being twice captured by poets. George Wither, whom we met at Alresford, held it first, followed by Sir John Denham, the author of *Coopers Hill*, who in turn lost it to Sir William Waller, who was without guns with which to defend it. Neither poet was particularly brilliant as a soldier, but poets "sing to battle," they do not lead. And it is doubtful whether Farnham was worth the attention of a military genius.

Quite another type of man one time lived at the castle, and if we can picture a figure strolling across the park, with fishing tackle and a book of verse, making for the Wey and its trout, we shall not be far wrong in calling him by name, Izaak Walton. He died here in 1683.

There are other notable men connected with Farnham. At the Jolly Farmers inn, hard by the railway station, William Cobbett,¹ trenchant politician, hater of shams and lover of nature, was born, and in the descriptions in *Rural Rides* of the scenery and villages of the North Downs and of the Old Road one can discover many reflections of his early life in this quaint town. He rests now in the parish church. In West Street (the house has disappeared) Augustus Toplady first saw the light; his great claim to remembrance is as the author of *Rock of Ages*. The parish church of St Andrew is carefully hidden away, and but for the picturesque avenue in the churchyard is hardly worth seeking. There is sometimes said to be Saxon work here, but the earliest work remaining is the south chancel arch, which is probably twelfth-century, as are the supports of the vaulting of the west bay of the chancel. There is a monument by Westmacott to the memory of Sir Nelson Rycroft, representing a pilgrim with his fardel or travelling-

¹ It is somewhat remarkable that Cobbett, born in this district, and afterwards continually visiting it, and other places on the line of the Old Road, never once mentions it by name as the "Pilgrims' Road," though from the character of his writings, he would certainly have mentioned it had he known of it.

bag. It may therefore appeal to the modern pilgrim.

The old coaching house, "The Bush," is well known to readers of Thackeray. It appears in his novel, *The Virginians*, and can boast a history extending over three hundred years. Before leaving Farnham one might note the numerous examples of eighteenth-century architecture that bear witness to the town's prosperity, especially in West Street, where, among others, Wilmer House will attract attention. Bank House, in Castle Street, is one of Norman Shaw's essays in Gothic, and quite impressive in its way. Near the town is Moor Park, where Swift resided for some time. He was secretary to Sir William Temple for board and twenty pounds a year. He learnt, among other useful things, the correct manner of cutting asparagus, and he continued his lessons in the art of love with pretty Hester Johnson, Lady Gifford's maid, known to present-day readers as Stella. A cottage not far off is still known as Stella's Cottage, and serves to keep the memory of those ill-starred lovers fresh in the memory of man. With rather more bearing on our journey, we should certainly visit the ruins of Waverley Abbey. Permission is freely granted to visit the

remains, standing in a spacious green meadow by the side of the Wey, but dogs, picnic parties and their kind are sternly repressed. The first home of the **Waverley** Cistercians in this country, it was **Abbey** founded in 1128 by monks from Normandy (L'Aumône), and by the end of the century there were seventy monks and one hundred and twenty lay brothers. There are still some fragments of the building left—a fine piece of vaulting in particular—but at Loseley, near Guildford, we shall find rather more of Waverley than there is by the Wey, for the house there was practically rebuilt with stone from the desecrated church and ruined domestic offices.

From Farnham¹ the Old Road is for a short distance the main road to Guildford and the Hog's Back, the beginning of that line of hills that will bear us to the sea. It is quite possible, too, that this part of the Old Road was remade in Roman times, for a couple or so of years ago a distinct stratum of flint nodules was found some distance below the surface. This

¹ For another view of the course of the road from Farnham to Albury, with a dissertation on the alleged use of the road by pilgrims, see J. G. N. Clift in *The South-Eastern Naturalist*, 1910.



THE ROAD AS IT SURVIVES
ON PUTTENHAM HEATH

is quite conceivable, as just here the road passes over clay, which in damp weather would be unpleasant going. A gentle rise for three miles beyond Runfold brings us to White-waysend, a name of much significance, for here the road divides, the newer turnpike on the chalk keeping to the left and taking the crest of the hump, while our road, continuing forward on the sand which crops out beneath the chalk, takes its characteristic level some half-way up the hill. Later we leave the gault, the gravel and the greensand, with one or two exceptions, and breathe the clean chalky air of the hills. Strung along this road are many interesting villages, and by pleasant ways we come to the first of them, Seale. The church

Seale here is of old foundation, but the work is chiefly modern restoration, though the font, porch and one or two lancet windows of the older building remain. From Seale a straightforward path, of no great account as far as surface is concerned, leads over Seale Common, which is carefully fenced and sprinkled with warnings against trespassing, to Shoelands, an old manor-house recently restored.

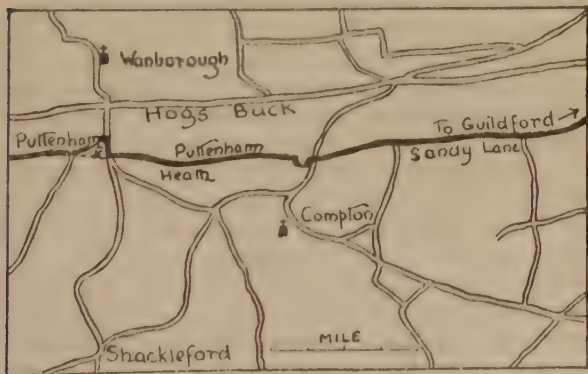
At Puttenham, the next village, the present road goes north of the church, an unusual

thing ; but this is a modern displacement, as we shall see in a minute. The church, restored

Transitional Norman, contains
Puttenham a brass of a cleric dated 1431,
and stands close to the remains
of Puttenham Priory, one of the spots where
Newark had a grip on the road.

Following the road round the bend, we reach the Jolly Farmers, a Surrey Trust hotel, and then the evidence of the original course of the road is apparent, for immediately opposite the inn is a sandy path or rough cart track crossing the heath. The heath was the scene in 1851 of a great review, and a memorial stone marks the spot where Queen Victoria's carriage stood. Now the heath is given over to the ubiquitous golfer, so as we trudge along, feeling all the freedom of the nomad, beware of the long drive. At the cottages in the dell on the farther side of the heath one has to go circumspectly. To the north of these is a raised bank with a crown of yew-trees, evidently the last vestige of the old embankment of the road. Following this as best we can, we find a road and then a wooden gate, beyond which is Monkshatch Park. Entering this, we shall most probably be trespassing, as we shall often do on our forward journey, so perhaps a note

of warning is advisable. Though in all my wanderings I have not yet been turned back—indeed I have even asked information of keepers and others, who have given the same without exception in a most affable and obliging manner—that perhaps was my good



fortune. But if we bear in mind the rights of landowners and respect their property, we shall most probably find that they are not so black as they are painted. Many of them are quite white. But for some of these landowners the road would have entirely disappeared, so we must really be quite thankful to them. But this is a digression merely to warn you that if

you trespass you do so not on my instruction, but at your own desire.

Beyond the gate is a cinder path which leads past a boiler-house, and on the right the road is seen winding as a footpath across the grass. Joining it, we find it brings us to the main road. This section is rather interesting, for it shows a feature we shall see once or twice—namely, a section of Old Road existing as a perfect turn-pike, while east and west of it the path persists as a mere track. At the end of these few yards of metalled road the alignment is continued as a sandy lane. The course is perfectly straight, and the continuation is a most delightful specimen of a typical Surrey lane, very sandy, with charming woodlands on either side. But before treading this portion we should bear to the right on the main road, and visit the picturesque village of Compton,

for of all possible village rivals
Compton on the road there is but one
imaginable, and that is Shere.

Continual visits have made me a preacher in favour of Compton, but the balance is extremely nice. If Compton had but one less virtue, if it were not so spotlessly clean, there would be no doubt at all. The cleanliness of Compton is so painful, so obvious. There is

not a wisp of straw, nor a rag of paper ; even the little children with their ha'porths of sweets thrust the empty paper in their pockets rather than sully the street. When I and my companion first strode into Compton there were men scraping a spotless road, and tarring unimpeachable gutters, and we hesitated lest we should bring with us the dust of the journey.

But this may be easily accounted for. Compton is the reincarnation of Watts. At Limnerslease this truly great artist lived. His noble spirit is the spirit of the place, and in that crowning glory of his life, the mystic little cemetery chapel on the hill-side at the entry of the village, the master has embodied the only creed: the universal truth and goodness of all things—in short, his own creed. I could speak unceasingly of the emotions that came crowding upon me as I sat for one hour in the dim light of the chapel, the work, be it remembered, of the artist, his wife and the villagers. But that would spoil your own pleasure. Go there, and you may live for as long as you will in fields peopled with many-coloured seraphs and carpeted with the most beautiful and the most common of our wild flowers. Go and sit beneath the *Rosa Mystica*, the Rose of Ideal Beauty that crowns the

dome, bow before the little altar "To the All-Pervading," and wait for visions that will assuredly come. The whole is so delightfully unorthodox, so completely and universally perfect. And then, when you have taken your fill, go out into the little churchyard and throw a flower on the humble grave of the master, where in winter the sparrows come to drink from the little red earthen bowl.

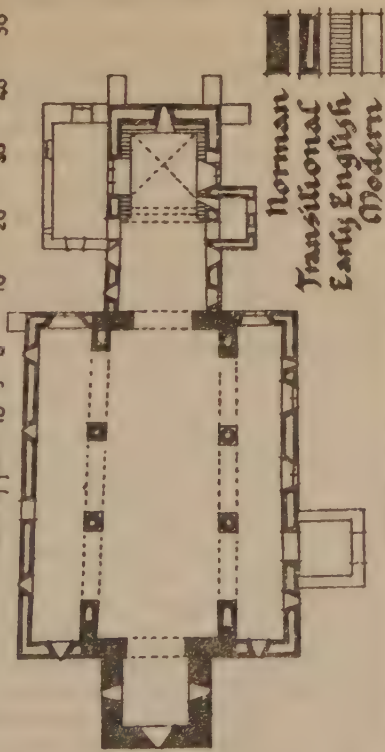
To lovers of symbolism here is a Bible in terra-cotta, and for those to whom the whole may seem meaningless, a little book to be obtained at the post office will indicate the wealth of thought materialised in burnt earth.

Now from the twentieth century we will travel back to the twelfth, to the little parish church of St Nicholas, quite hidden from the road, and the step will not seem so great after all, for there is the same essence of worship.

Compton church is probably the most interesting church in the whole course of the road, and to understand its many points of interest the accompanying plan may be of some assistance. From it one can see that the earliest church consisted of the present tower, a nave on the site of the existing nave (the arcades mark the line of

Compton Church - S. Nicholas.

Scale of feet 0 10 20 30 40 50



its walls), and a small chancel. Later in the same century—the twelfth—aisles were added and the chancel lengthened. Finally at some later date, probably early in the thirteenth century, the walls at the east end of the church were thickened, the upper chapel built and the cell with its staircase built, though it is quite likely that this may be earlier, coeval with the second chancel. Note at the west end the straight joint in the walling indicating the original width of the nave. The porch and the dormer-windows are modern. The nave arcades and the chancel arch are slightly pointed—indicating later Norman work—but the outer order of chevron moulding round the chancel arch is semicircular and modern.

The low arch in front of the sanctuary is semicircular, but thirteenth-century (Early English) work, as the “dog-tooth” indicates, and the sanctuary itself is vaulted in four severies with diagonal ribs. The vaulting supports the floor of an upper storey, which evidently was at one time a chapel, for a piscina of uncertain date is made up of twelfth-century fragments. The chapel is separated from the nave by a wooden screen, said to be of twelfth-century work, but though after that manner, it is probably later.

Other points to note are the Jacobean pulpit, the altar-rails, erected to carry out Laud's injunction against dogs and mongrel curs that should be kept from the Holy Table, the tombs of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in the chancel, the late screen at the west end of the church, and the low-side windows, popularly known as leper windows, but around which argument grows heated. Here it is evident that they serve to throw light just where it was needed, on the altar. They may also have served to admit the passage of the sanctus bell rung outside the church at the Elevation of the Host for the benefit of the workers in the fields and others. It is difficult to account for many details in the church if the usually credited Pilgrim theory is dropped, but it seems that there is again no evidence, from wills and so forth, that there was ever anything here to attract pilgrims.

But we have tarried overlong at Compton, and with a passing glance at the old timbered house, once a hostel, with picturesque overhanging storeys perched high above the road, we rejoin the Old Road at the spot at which we abandoned it. Just at this corner are the pottery-works founded as a village industry by Watts and his wife, and one of the products

of which we have already seen. Here, too, is the Watts Picture Gallery, open daily except Thursdays, and open free on Sundays, Wednesdays, Saturdays, and all Bank Holidays. As is well known, towards the end of his life the artist parted with very, very few of his works, and now most of these, with some earlier pictures, can be studied under the finest conditions in these well-built and well-lighted galleries on the Old Road.

From here to Guildford we have practically a continuous sandy lane, *very* sandy in places, the feet sinking sometimes to the ankles and making very tiring going. We pass Littleton Cross, that speaks of some wayside cross or shrine, and the manor-house with the fine high-sounding name of Brabœuf, and then we drop down into the valley, crossing the Godalming and Portsmouth road. In front of us is the continuation, carrying on the alignment to the ferry over the Wey. But before we cross the river we must climb the steep hill on our right, for from **St Catherine's** the summit we can look across the **Chapel** well-watered valley of the Wey to the thickly wooded hills beyond, and when the beauty of the scene cloy's we can turn to the little ruined and roofless chapel

of St Catherine, which gives the name to the hill it crowns.

From a spot somewhere below here Turner made a drawing for his *Liber Studiorum*, and evidently the composition was so satisfactory that he did not take so many liberties with nature as he often did. From his plate the whole scene is clearly recognisable.

The chief features of the building, which dates from about 1317—thus being early Decorated work—are the doorways, five in number, two of which are built into window spaces above the north and south entrances respectively. With regard to these doorways, Mr Thackeray Turner, in a paper read before the members of the Archæological Institute, thinks that they led on to an interior gallery, which was used as a means of exhibiting the relics for which the church was famous.

Exterior wooden staircases in all probability led up to these doors, one forming an entrance and the other the exit, so that a continual stream of worshippers could pass before the relics. Those that have seen the ceremony of the "Adoration of the Holy Blood" in the Chapelle du Saint Sang at Bruges will quite understand how these doorways facilitated the exhibition of the relics. It is difficult to account

for these doorways other than as Mr Turner suggests. There may have been here some local relic of which all trace or knowledge has gone, and there may have been a local pilgrimage of sorts here. Certainly it is remarkable that at this part of the way—at Compton and St Catherine's—we find the most likely evidence in favour of the pilgrimage, but not enough unfortunately to prove a "pilgrims' way."

At the foot of the hill was a miraculous spring, whose water was reported to be efficacious for eye ailments. This no doubt would be a further reason for pilgrims visiting the church, so in time of pressure the upper gallery was opened. At quiet seasons the ordinary doors sufficed. No signs of these external stairways are visible, but that is easily accounted for when it is understood that they were probably wooden and removable. So, with a farewell glimpse of the distant wooded heights of St Martha, that we must soon climb, and a peep behind us, to where the blue crest of Hindhead is silhouetted against the sky, we descend to the ferry.

We do not pass through Guildford—that is, the direct course of the road does not—but as we have made little excursions before, we may



WHERE THE ROAD CROSSES THE WEY;
ST CATHERINE'S FERRY, GUILDFORD

make one now, being assured that if the primitive men of this road did not leave their forward way, the later voyagers certainly did. So a spare hour or two may be profitably spent in charming Guildford, or we may seek an inn and rest the night there. These pages are far too limited for a complete guide to Guildford, but the chief features will be briefly enumerated.

From St Catherine's a mile of road brings us to the foot of the sleepy climbing High Street,

Guildford

one of the most picturesque of town highways, with quaint houses of varying dates, watched over still by the massive keep on the hill. A sharp incline brings us to the Town Hall, a building erected by public subscription about 1683. It contains a fine council-room, and there are a few portraits by Sir Peter Lely. The elaborate chimneypiece is said to have been brought from Stoughton House in the neighbouring village of Stoke, while in the turret is a bell that once hung in the church we shall

Abbot's

Hospital

pass anon, St Martha's, Chilworth. Abbot's Hospital, a few yards farther on, is a plain Jacobean building, founded in 1619 by one Abbot, who afterwards became Archbishop of Canterbury. History tells us that Bishop

Abbot (to prevent confusion it may be said that Abbot was the reverend gentleman's surname) was a devotee of Diana, but had the misfortune to slay a keeper while hunting the "tall deer" in Bramshill Park, and that he built this hospital and endowed it as a penance for the unfortunate accident. But in the preface to the Statutes of the Hospital the founder says: "My affection leading me to the town of Guildford, where I was born and where my aged parents lived many years with good report, I thought upon the erection of a hospital there, which I have dedicated to the blessed Trinity."

This seems to suggest another and a more reasonable origin for the foundation. The buildings consist of a gateway and porter's lodge, a dining hall and a chapel, and were intended originally for a master, twelve brethren, and eight sisters, "such as have borne office or been good traders in the town, or such as have been soldiers or who have ventured their lives or lost their blood for their prince or country." Later benefactions considerably increased the income of the charity, and the number of recipients has become correspondingly greater.

The Grammar School opposite was founded by Robert of Beckenham in 1509, for poor boys, who were to be taught the barest elements of

commercial life, and then to be embarked as apprentices, to sink or swim according to their own industry. The school possesses one of the few "Chained Libraries" existing in England.

Coming to the churches, we are reminded of the old jingle—another of those aphorisms that still hang in the minds of the old people:

Poor Guildford, proud people,
Three churches, no steeple.

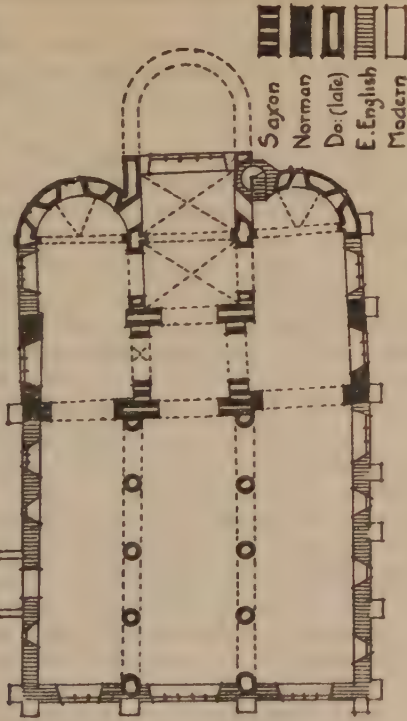
The churches are dedicated to St Mary, St Nicholas, and the Holy Trinity, the first of which only need detain us, **The Churches of Guildford** though in St Nicholas is the Perpendicular Loseley chapel with memorials of the More family. This church is also famous for the fact that one of its incumbents was expelled from his living for devoting too much time to the art of the angle, to the neglect and utter condemnation of the souls under his care. In Holy Trinity Church (the cathedral church of the new diocese) at the top of the hill—the upper church (as St Nicholas is known as the lower church)—the founder of Abbot's Hospital is buried.

But at St Mary's, the middle church, we find

many more relics of mediæval architecture. There is a tower, certainly of Saxon workmanship, and a pure Norman chancel of the eleventh century. The original plan of the church was a nave, with two narrow aisles, transepts, a central tower (which probably belonged to an earlier building), and a short chancel, which, like the two transepts, probably had an apse. The two transeptal apses remain, but the central one was removed when the chancel was lengthened—probably in the thirteenth century. It has been shortened since—almost twenty feet—the last shortening in 1825 having been made to widen the roadway outside. Note the two peculiar passages from the high altar to these chapels. Probably they were processional passages, though they may only have been squints of extraordinary size. The fact that the rood-screen, of fifteenth-century work, originally blocked the entrance to the choir would lead one to think that the first proposition was the more correct. In the north-east corner of the south chapel is the entrance to the belfry, a very curious arrangement, for the passage leads over the groining of the chancel. There are also remains of wall-paintings in the north or St John's Chapel, too long and too varied to describe here, but there

Guildford, S. Mary.

Scale of ft



Saxon
Norman
Do: (late)
E. English
Modern

Windows etc are not dated.

is an excellent description of them in the Surrey Archæological collections, written by Mr J. G. Waller. A so-called leper's window is also worth examination.

A visit to the castle should not be omitted. It is a Norman structure, and stands in a public recreation garden maintained by the corporation. The views from the summit are well worth the climb. There is little to see except the shell of the keep and the old gate in Quarry Street, that still shows the portcullis grooves, and the history of the building is barren of stirring events. It is fortunate that these relics remain; they might have been used as stables or gas-works. Such misuse is not unknown on the Old Road.

But Guildford is a pleasant interlude, after which we must prepare for more exploration.

The road crosses the river, originally by a ford, but very early in its existence by a ferry, the forerunner of that which crosses here now. We therefore drop down the hill, and ring the bell of the house on the left, and after the ferryman, or it may be the ferrywoman, has conveyed us over, we make across the marshes, where a path is plain to the hills beyond. We pass Ciderhouse Cottage, generally spoken of as

a pest-house, and the road climbs the hill till it comes out by the lodge at the entrance to Chantries Wood—a name strikingly suggestive of religious devotion. A pleasant walk along another sandy lane, skirting the wood, leads us to a three-way parting, the northernmost of which leads to Tyting farm, where are the remains of the manor-house chapel; the southern leads to Chilworth railway station. The track of the Old Road is probably that marked on the Ordnance Survey map—the middle of these three branches, and leads us direct to the hill-top, where the square tower of St Martha's dominates the landscape. That in itself is useful, for in the abundance of paths one is apt to lose the right one, so with an eye on our goal we go forward. A brief stretch of road, carpeted with excellent springy turf and hedged with a pine grove, leads to the final climb, through a little pine wood, to the platform of St Martha's. Merely to have arrived here ought to be sufficient reward for the travels in the heat of the day.

Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills

is no imagination of the poet: it is a fact to be remembered and realised as one stands here and looks over the valley—over “villainous

Chilworth " ¹—(villainous no longer, for the powder mills have ceased to function) to the tower on Leith Hill and beyond, here and there in the depths, the river throwing back the rays of the afternoon sun. If you are wise you will have brought a frugal lunch to this spot, and casting aside stick and bundle will proceed to enjoy it. You may nibble a sandwich, and then you may smoke many pipes, undisturbed, save by an occasional scampering rabbit. Alone, on the unfrequented hill-side, watching the huge clouds sailing by, watching the play of sunlight and shadow on the distant fields, startled by the sudden advent of a great mass of shadow round you that turns the yellow grass to blue, you lie at full length on the turf for hours together. What matter that the evening draws on? A night beneath the blue starlit sky would not be an unworthy adventure in this delightful corner of the world, and if you fear the spirits will walk from the lonely graveyard, Albury and its inns are but a few miles off.

The stretch of Downs to the north of St Martha's is well worth exploring. Merrow, Albury and Clandon can be reached from here by retracing the road and passing by

¹ Cobbett.

Tyting to the cross-path, half-a-mile farther on. Or the path could have been taken from Guildford over Purley Hill, passing the "Roughs" where Bishop Wilberforce's monument stands, and reaching Shere by the main road.

St Martha's is the place for an epicure. He alone can extract the pure essence of joy from this feast. The solitary church is a restoration both in material and purpose.

St Martha's After years of wilful neglect it has been restored and reroofed, and on occasional Sunday afternoons in the summer services are held for those that make the pleasurable walk. It is generally impossible to enter the church at any other time, as the keys are kept at Albury. It is said that fragments of stone circles are to be found here, but, whether these be evidences of man's handiwork or no, the site is one of enormous antiquity. The stones from which these monuments were erected are sarsen stones, and are found in the locality. The hill is of greensand, and megalithic structures are more commonly found where these stones are abundant. But I could find no trace of these circles myself, nor could any give me information of them, and some that I inquired of were very aged men who had lived in this district "man and boy for eighty years

come Michaelmas." If you, on your wanderings, should discover these relics, mark them well, for their position is unique, exactly midway between the old terminus of the road—Salisbury Plain—and the coast. There are, however, one or two slight indications here of earthworks—circular in form—which, for some reason which is not clear, have been described as shelters for pilgrims or other wayfarers. Our descent is a rush down a sandy gully, the steepness of which is daily aggravated by the continual wearing away of the sand. At the level stretches we may pause and cast a backward glance to the tower and its dumpy spire sharply defined above the trees and against the sky.

The "supposed" Pilgrims' Way of the Ordnance Survey is our route. The path is practically all traceable, and in spite of some rough going we should arrive safely beyond Weston Wood, by the side of some brick-works. The path later reaches a metalled road, opposite the modern Gothic building erected by a section of the Catholic Apostolic Church, a body of Christians who follow the teachings of Edward Irving (1792-1834). In the immediate neighbourhood of Albury is gathered a little colony of this sect, who were attracted to this spot by the sympathetic interest of the Drummond

family and of the Duke of Northumberland. In the polygonal chapter-house attached to the church the meetings of the ministry take place, and here some of the leaders are buried. The ritual, a combination of the Roman, Greek and

Albury



Anglican liturgies, is very ornate in character, and elaborate in its symbolism.

In Albury there is not much to attract, except some interesting brick chimneys (and if you stay the night here the falling eventime might be spent on the delightful heather-clad heath beyond the village), but if you have a romantic turn of mind you should inquire the

road to the Silent Pool, but a few yards away. The keys of the enclosure are kept at the cottage near by. The pool seems to be shrinking—in fact it was recently reported to have “gone dry”—due probably to the drought of 1921 and the consequent search for a fresh source of supply by the local water company; but fortunately this proves not to be the case. On the other hand injudicious advertising has resulted in excessive popularisation, consequently the place has become vulgarised. But it was certainly a mystic spot, and it is little wonder that fearful legends have twisted themselves around it. On misty days, when all the trees dropped water with dull thuds, and a ghostly blue mist floated on the still surface of the water, in the depths of which many fish disported among the rare pond weeds, one could well believe the current legend that is accepted as authentic. Martin Tupper, who lived at Albury, and whose novels are full of local colour and history, gives the story in his *Stephan Langton*. King John (always up to mischief in these old legends) surprises the miller's daughter bathing in the pool. With a terrible shriek she releases the branch by which she hangs and sinks in the depths of the water. Her brother (or lover in some versions), working

near by, hears her cry, and rushing to the scene takes in the situation at a glance and plunges to rescue the girl. Both are drowned, and John steals away. In proof of which veracious story you once could discern, with the eye of faith, the clasped forms of man and woman in the depths of the pool, and they continue to haunt the spot with despairing cries.

The Old Road takes its course past the Apostolic Church and then through Albury Park, where the old church of Albury stands, now somewhat dilapidated and used only as a mortuary chapel for the Drummond family. It is a rather picturesque old building with a curious domed tower, the windows of which consist of a round-headed arch enclosing two round-headed lights divided by a baluster shaft. Here also is the world-renowned yew hedge, some quarter of a mile long and about a dozen feet high. The gardens round the house owe much to John Evelyn the diarist, who lived at Wotton near by, and who in his leisure studied the art of gardening to some purpose. Bearing to the right we cross the stream and pass along a superb avenue of lime-trees—the equal of that double row that leads to the west front of Winchester Cathedral—and thus, past picturesque cottages, we enter Shere. Shere

is another of the pretty villages of which I have already spoken, and is the haunt of artists and their kind.

If therefore you manufacture pictures, either in the dark-room or in the studio, you must of necessity stop here, and this leads
Shere me to remark that if your tour is to last more than a week, arrange, in your first sketch of the route, to have the week-ends in centres that offer opportunities for a day or two's exploration or enjoyment, to be spent according to your particular bent. Shere, for instance, is such a place.

The church is very interesting, but as all the chief features are detailed in clear writing on a card that is hung in the west porch—a most laudable practice, and one that might be followed more than it is—there is no necessity to repeat them here.

In the White Horse you have the ideal country inn, with comfortable rooms, dark ancient timbers supporting the ceilings and fine panelling covering the walls—just the place to sit after a long day's journey, just the place to find refuge if the weather should be against you.

But if you stay not, but press on, the road goes straight forward through the gate by the churchyard—where lies the widow of Grote,

Alwayside Cottage Shere



MCMX

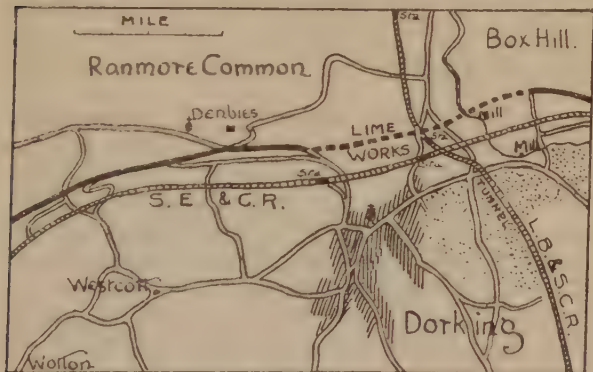
F.C.E.E.

the historian of Greece, who himself lived at Ridgeway House in the parish—past the south porch, and bearing to the left, takes the main road just beyond the picturesque sheet of water fringed with rushes and trees, and with a castle-like mill on its bank. A quarter of a mile along another avenue, and we enter Gomshall, which, as another resort of artists, will only demand our attention for its natural beauties and for its old cottage architecture.

As a matter of fact, the road does not actually go through Gomshall: at the entry to the village it cuts across the fields on the left, and makes direct for the four-hundred-feet contour line on Hackhurst Downs. Nothing but a sense of direction will guide you across the intervening space. If you go forward, pass the railway station, and then clamber up the steep lane to the Downs, you will meet the track, not visible except by the presence of the raised embankment that appears here and there. Farther on, however, the white chalk-line comes into view. It will be tiring walking on the slope of the hills, one foot always higher than the other, and your ankles will no doubt remind you of this part of the road for some hours after you have left it.

There is neither inn nor house of refreshment

till you make Dorking, so it will be advisable to start with a pocket lunch. The body being certain of its refreshment, you may pursue the next three miles, your mind occupied by many things, and entranced with ever-changing views that appear on the valley floor and beyond.



So you may go till the town of Dorking appears in the hollow. There will be one exciting bit on the White Downs, where the road plunges into a little wood (private I believe) thickly covering the sides of a little combe. But taking a few scratches as a part of the day's work, and a stinging blow across the face with a supple branchlet as a mere nothing, you should emerge

quite intact. Beyond you will see a road, with a hairpin bend, coming from under the railway. Taking this, with a sigh of thankfulness for a decent road, you arrive, after a short mile, at the house called Denbies, formerly the property of Jonathan Tyers, the famous founder and manager of the equally famous Vauxhall Gardens, and father of the Tom Tyers who achieved fame as the Tom Restless of *The Rambler*.

Then to the spot where the road commences to descend ; from there the Old Road goes straight forward in a direct line to Pixham Mill and thence to the top of the lane leading to Boxhurst on Box Hill. It is broken up by chalk-pits and lime-works, main roads and railways, and a better hour can be spent in the town below us than in vainly endeavouring to piece the broken fragments of the road that are left on the hill-side and in the valley. There are those who would take the road over Ranmore Common, by Bradley Farm and thence to the ford at Burford, or who would even make the greater detour by the ruined chapel at West Humble, and so to the same ford ; but, interesting as these may be, they cannot be the Old Road, which would obviously endeavour to cross the valley by the shortest route possible.

Dorking lies in the valley of the Mole, and from the hills it looks the ideal peaceful country town whose trading importance ceased when the Stane Street also ceased to cross what is now the churchyard of the town.

Dorking is a town of notable inns, many exceedingly ancient, and one at least of world-wide importance, the King's

Dorking Head, which is supposed to be the original of Dickens' Marquis of Granby where, it will be remembered, a certain reverend shepherd exchanged one spiritual comfort for another more fiery, until that unfortunate hour of his baptism in the horse-trough by the irate Weller senior.

The church is modern, but the registers go back to 1538, the year in which registers were first ordered to be kept. They contain an awful warning to ribald youths. A child christened in the church in 1562 so far went astray in his riper years as to scoff at the thunder while standing under a beech-tree. He was

Stroke to death, his clothes stinking with a sulphurous stench, being about the age of twenty years or thereabouts, at Mareden House.

The churchyard may possibly be the site of one of the "camps" on the line of the Stane

Street. Dorking was once the scene of some disorder on Shrove Tuesday, but owing to the action of the police the ancient custom of "foteballing" in the streets is now extinct.

Deepdene, for many years the home of nobility—the 9th Duke of Norfolk, Lily Duchess of Norfolk and Lord William Beresford all having at one time lived within its walls—is now a residential hotel, and most of its priceless art treasures are gone. Here Lord Beaconsfield conceived and wrote *Coningsby*, and this, too, was the place that to Aubrey, the historian, was the Garden of Eden. "The pleasures of the garden were so ravishing that I can never expect any enjoyment beyond it but the Kingdom of Heaven." At Betchworth are the great avenues of beech and lime that gave shade to the great metaphysician Abraham Tucker, who here wrote his *magnum opus*: *The Light of Nature Pursued*.

The Mole,

That like a nousling mole doth make
His way still underground, till Thames he overtake,

exhibits his peculiarities in this district, disappearing underground, and not appearing again for about two miles, when he continues "his sullen way," as the poet has it.



THE ROAD AS A WOODLAND TRACK :
AT BROCKHAM WARREN

There are many other memories we must leave behind with Dorking, memories of Evelyn, friend of Pepys, of much maligned Malthus—who was born in the Rookery—and of Leith Hill, that we have seen so often on our hill-side way, with its tower one thousand feet up in the air.

To regain the Pilgrims' Way we go through the town, and beyond the cemetery turn off to the left, pass Castle Mill, a favourite spot with artists, and make our way by the footpath to the slopes of Box Hill, on which in Flint Cottage the novelist George Meredith lived and died. In his novel, *Diana of the Crossways*, there are many pictures of local scenery.

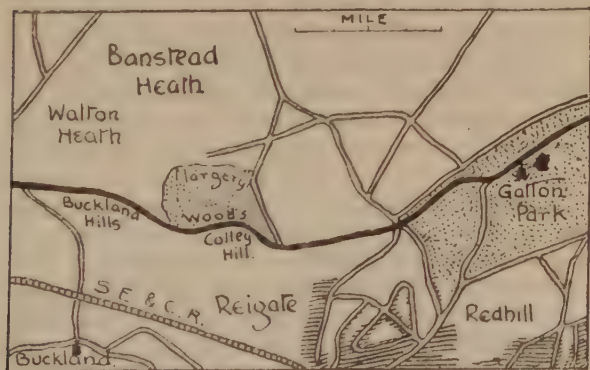
At the top of the lane the now familiar embankment appears, plainly denoting the way. Behind us we can still see the tower of St Martha's, and the tract of Downs that we have traversed.

Eastward over the hills, alive with rabbits and stoats, and on which if you are lucky you may find the disappearing bee orchis, the path is quite open till a wood appears blocking the way. This is Brockham Warren, evidently so named from the badgers that once infested the hill. Near the bottom of the wood there is (or was) a gap in the hedge, and a well-preserved

avenue lined with ancient yews undoubtedly shows the old way. A most beautiful stretch, its charm is only too short, for it leads straight into the mouth of a huge chalk-pit—another great bite taken out of the hill-side. Mindful of the trucks and locomotives, we find the continuation in a little alley-way between high banks of chalk refuse. This leads to the open Downs again, alive in summer-time with a profusion of butterflies and wild flowers. Then another great quarry, the Betchworth lime-works this time, leaving which the path is more or less the four-hundred-foot contour line, bringing us round to the western slope of a little combe. Now we do as the men of old did, scan the distance for a crossing, for there is no definite track, though we can see the white line on the more distant hills, winding eastward. But immediately below us we find the key to the crossing of Pebble Combe. Continuing the road on the opposite hills is a row of trees diagonally across a cultivated field, pointing to the spot on which we stand. That row of trees marks the site of the road, the actual path on that level floor having been ploughed up years ago.

The road to Reigate is quite plain, and the white track on the hill, like Rosamund's silken

thread, points the way, and repeats, with ever-changing scenery, the previous stretches of the hill-road. The way is somewhat rough, and finally brings us out on the summit of Colley Hill, in front of Margery Wood, where it rises to a higher altitude to escape a shallow combe.



Arrived on Colley Hill, we may pause, and from the seats dotted about—for the hill is now the property of the borough of Reigate and is used as a public park—survey the valley at our feet. There again before us is Leith Hill and its tower commanding the south-west, and westwards is Box Hill and the range of hills curving in to Pebble Combe.

The hill is a naturalist's paradise: the cirl bunting, the nightingale, the night-jar and the Dartford warbler, over three dozen species of butterflies, moths innumerable, including the orange-tailed clearwing, the ground pine, the clustered bell flower and no fewer than sixteen species of orchid have been recorded in this area.

From Colley Hill we have two routes. One is the Old Road, which is the lane just by the modern fountain erected in 1909 by Col. Robt. Wm. Inglis and presented to the town. This fountain is a very worthy specimen of modern art, and the bronze statuettes and the domed mosaic roof, with the constellations and heavenly bodies picked out on a gorgeous blue and gold background, are deserving of attention.

From here the ancient way takes its course as a lane lined with beech-trees, past the War Department land—one of the forts for the defence of London—to London Road, which is crossed by a bridge, carrying the old track to Gatton Park.

The other track, which is locally known as the Pilgrims' Road, is that descending the steep slope of the hill, a white chalky path, and as it brings us into Reigate by the Red Cross Inn, a very ancient hostel, and as it passes Slip Shoe Lane, a name reminiscent of mediæval

wayfarers, there is sufficient here to prove to the satisfaction of many that this road certainly served the wanderers to the shrine of St Thomas, especially as there seems definitely to have been here a chapel dedicated to St Thomas à Becket, on the site of the present market house.

By either of these ways we descend the hill, that we may spend a few moments in the town.

Reigate is an ancient town with little to show. It stands at the head of the famous valley, whose inhabitants boast

The Vale of Holmesdall
Never wonne, he never shall.

But that is only a feeble imitation of the prouder motto of the adjacent county Kent, whose glorious "Invicta," the unconquered, may well make other counties envious.

In the parish church lies that grand old sea-dog Charles, 2nd Lord Howard of Effingham, victor over the Armada. The castle, of which there are a few remains, was dismantled during the Civil War ; but beneath the castle grounds is a series of caves, dug out in the sandstone, which may be explored under proper guidance. All kinds of legends are told of these caverns,

Reigate

and of course King John figures, badly as usual, in some of them. Probably the truth is that they were repositories for stores for the castle.

There was a priory at Reigate, founded in the thirteenth century by William Warren, 6th Earl of Surrey. It was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Cross, and was held by Canons Regular of the Order of St Augustine till the Dissolution. Priory House, which marks the site, contains in its walls a few fragments of the older foundation. This was one of the lesser monasteries, and after the Dissolution the site was granted (*temp.* Ed. VI.) to Lord William Howard, afterwards 1st Lord Howard of Effingham. In the hall of the present house is a richly carved oak chimneypiece ascribed to Holbein, and brought from the old palace at Bletchingley. The great staircase has painted walls and ceilings by Verrio.

Returning to the Old Road where it crosses the London road by means of the bridge, we have before us Gatton Park. The road passes through the park, and not by the edge as the ordnance map would suggest. Entering the lodge gates, and following the drive which, after a while, is the actual Pilgrims' Way, we pass north of the church and through a leafy avenue to the eastern gates of the park.

Gatton Park has one or two interesting points for our observation. There is, for instance, the classic Grecian Town Hall, an open structure containing in the centre an urn. Here the inhabitants met to choose their parliamentary member. Cobbett

**Gatton
Park**



speaks of it in the good old days of "squirearchy" as a "very rascally spot of the earth," but if records are true it was old in rascality then, for some three centuries before, in 1541,

Sir Roger Copley Kt., being burgess and only inhabitant of the borough and town of Gatton,

openly chose and declared fully elected two honourable members for the said borough and town.

The church, also in the park, is a restoration of an older fabric, and has little of interest in it, save a collection of foreign church furniture and works of art. It is a miniature Wallace Collection in the country. But for splendour and magnificence the house should be visited, as it can be if permission be obtained from the estate office. The magnificent marble hall, a copy of the Corsini Chapel in Rome, was built by the 5th Lord Monson at a cost of about ten thousand pounds, and is an unparalleled example of gorgeous colour and delightful surfaces.

From the park a little byway is seen ahead, which after a short existence as a road dwindles to a footpath and, half-a-mile from the park gates, branches right and left.

Though neither of these is the Pilgrims' Way, we take the right-hand path, which will bring us into the village of Merstham. The original course of the road would be a continuation forward of the first footpath, over the fields to Merstham House, and then south of the church to Greystone lime-works and the Downs beyond, but the course is not very evident,

the track being obscured by the usual trinity of disturbing influences—railways, pits and later roads.

Merstham Church is mainly thirteenth-century work, and possesses a Norman font of Sussex marble; the tower, the west end and the chancel show later periods of Gothic architecture. There are also one or two

Merstham Church

brasses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and a double piscina with good carving; but the chief treasure of the church, a series of wall-paintings in distemper, representing scenes in the life of Saint Thomas, disappeared for ever when the walls were scraped in a mistaken zeal for restoration.

Two points of interest are to be found here. From the various quarries in this neighbourhood are produced other minerals than chalk, two of which were of abundant use in the Middle Ages, and the traffic in which no doubt contributed more to the preservation of the road than did the pilgrim. These are Fuller's earth, which is still dug in the Weald, and "Raygate Stone," which has been quarried since the twelfth century as a building material, replacing, in the south at least, Caen stone for practically the whole of the mediæval period.

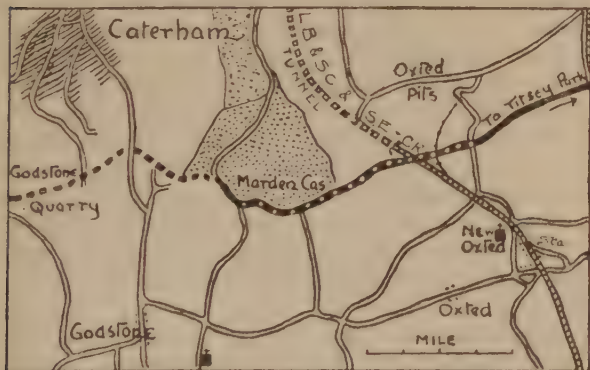
Building accounts are full of records of the purchase and carriage of this stone, which, in spite of its bad weathering qualities, became very popular in an area where good building stone was scarce. The other interesting survival is the track of the Croydon, Merstham and Godstone railway, built in 1803, an extension of the Surrey railway, which was established two years earlier. None of the old rails or stone sleepers remains, but the cutting, with one or two bridges, all much overgrown, skirts the road for some distance north of the village.

The main London road of to-day, one of the turnpike roads of 1808, leaves the village of Merstham quite alone, with the result that in what is now a side street are some of the most delightful half timber and brick cottages to be found in these parts. The ponds near by are one of the sources of the Mole.

From Merstham you may, if you are very venturesome, attempt the direct passage of the road, by crossing the railway and the Grey-stone lime-pits (where in 1868 Nobel made his first experimental trials with dynamite), striking the five-hundred-feet contour line beyond, and following it to the road that cuts it at right angles. Or you may follow the

Quarry Hangers to White Hill 147

road opposite the church, and then, taking the footpath going north past the group of cottages, reach the road platform in this fashion. The track along the Downs side will be quite distinguishable by the row of yew-trees. Crossing the metalled road above



mentioned, the line runs over Quarry Hangers to the cross-roads and the water tower on White Hill, climbing some two hundred feet in its course, but the grass-grown embankment is an excellent guide. A well-made path carries the way farther east for half-a-mile or so, and then a newer and modern road will serve us till we reach the end of the lane on

Gravelly Hill. From here the path is more or less obvious, sometimes plain, on the chalk, other times grass-grown, till a path through a little piece of woodland brings us to another quarry. Following the right-hand path, a little stretch of made road appears, and then again on the right is a path through a somewhat dense wood. Another great quarry, now almost completely overgrown and speaking of great antiquity, is passed, and then the main road is reached just by the nineteenth milestone.

Hereabouts it might be well worth while leaving the path to visit Chaldon Church (about a long mile north of the road), where is a most remarkable wall-painting of the Doom, in which the weighing of souls and the perishing of the damned are very dramatically and vigorously depicted.

From here, where the actual crossing has been obliterated, it is best to travel either along the modern road, or the parallel Old Road, and by means of the road past Quarry Farm and Dialbank Wood reach the track of the way at the gates of Marden Park. From here your route will be along the southern boundary of the park, past the little wood, and out on to the open Down. There is at times no precise track, but on the other hand there is no diffi-

culty. It is simply a ramble along the hill-side. At Rye Wood paths appear climbing to the crest of the Downs, but avoiding these, and passing the little poultry farm, you reach the railway cutting at the mouth of the tunnel. Climbing down the cutting, and up the other side, you find yourself in the mouth of another chalk-pit, from which a rough cart track leads to a somewhat better lane from the church at New Oxted. But before you leave this neighbourhood you should have diligently examined the slopes of the hills, which are strewn with hundreds of bleached flakes of flint, speaking of the antiquity of the road below.

Some writers suggest another path, which avoids the descent of the cutting but makes by Chaldon farm for the Oxted chalk-pits, thence by Flinthouse farm to Titsey Plantation (*not* Titsey Park). This may have been a mediæval way, the detour being due to the chalk quarrying, but if Mr Belloc's theory of alignment is of any importance this path seems too far north for the prehistoric way. But, as I have said all along, in a multiplicity of tracks and alternative ways it is almost impossible to select one to the exclusion of others, and anyhow the alternative path might

be followed to the great pits, which are well worth seeing close at hand.

Then, as some recompense for our hard journey, we will descend into
Oxted Oxted, for in spite of the march of villadom, Oxted has not quite fallen from grace.

The church is chiefly of Early English and Decorated work, with a fine Perpendicular porch. The exterior of the church is especially noteworthy, and offers a pretty picture from several points of view. From the church a footpath ramble will take us to Oxted village, with its many quaint timbered houses, some of which no doubt served as models for the newer erections near the station. The picturesque steep street of old Oxted is certainly worth coming to see, especially in the lazy hours of afternoon, when few people are about, and when the smoke from many chimneys throws a blue haze over the village, and the air is sharp with the keen pungent smell of wood fires.

Limpsfield, too, should be visited from here, not the least charming of its features being the church, with its spire, pine-trees, lych-gate and flight of steps, all combining to form an excellent picture. The common, however, is

The Church Oxford



MCMX

FCE-E

Limpsfield's pride, and even the modern houses surrounding its gorse-covered surface cannot drive from our minds those

Limpsfield thoughts that the many Surrey commons have given us. There are some ancient cottages here also, but the chief interest lies in the old manor-house, now a school. This was the one-time home of the widow of Philip Stanhope, and from here she gave to the world the *Chesterfield Letters* originally written to her husband, the son of the Earl of Chesterfield.

We left the road just beyond Oxted chalk-pit. Rejoining it, we find the path before us plainly showing as a footpath that makes for the five-hundred-feet contour line and Limpsfield Lodge farm, at the western boundary of Titsey Park. The latter part of this road is interesting as it runs along a lynchet or cultivation terrace of quite possibly neolithic times. This lynchet is connected with a camp that still remains on the hill crest above (see page 154).

In front of us stretches Titsey Park, where the old road is again enclosed, but the path can easily be traced across the park to its eastern gates. Across the park there is a right-of-way, which is not, however, the course of the road. In the times of the "old squire,"

as the folk here say, people could wander at will over the park, and if they were at all interested in the "old things" the squire himself would often act as cicerone and point out with pride the Roman villa that he had uncovered. But thanks to the beanfeasting fraternity and others, whose depredations are of no mean order, the park is closed, save for the above-mentioned right-of-way. It is hopeless now to think of seeing the villa, for it is completely hidden under a mass of undergrowth—so at least I was assured by the lodge-keeper.

If you do not attempt the park, it will be necessary to travel round the enclosure, coming on the road again by the new church on the eastern side.

Your detour may take you up hill, or down, but if you go up you may save time, for on the crest of the hill are one or two items of interest that will be mentioned shortly.

The new church replaces one that stood originally in the grounds of the house, the site being still evident just north of the old road in the park. Outside the entrance to the drive is a picturesque group of houses forming the village of Titsey. In the garden of one, now a school-house, is an old sign-post with its iron

frame, but the swinging board has gone. It bore the Grasshopper, the crest of the Greshams

Titsey who lived at Titsey House, one of whom, be it remembered, built the Royal Exchange, where the

huge and fearsome beast that serves as a weather-vane is also a mighty grasshopper. This sight at Titsey reminds one of the decay of the road and its villages, but we must bear in mind that the main road from Redhill to Maidstone is but a few hundred yards distant throughout its course, diverting all traffic of importance to the floor of the valley. Here if we care to leave the road for a short time and climb the hill, we shall reach Titsey Clump.

This mass of trees, when we reach it, will not bear many signs of age ; but just beyond the trees, enclosing them in a square of about seventy-five-feet sides, are the banks and entrenchments of an ancient earthwork. Here within the camp is a dewpond, which should be examined—not that it will give up its secret of perpetual renewal, but rather to trace its connection with the overgrown “ hollow way ” that runs down the hill to the portion of the Old Road we have recently passed, that to the west of Titsey Park.

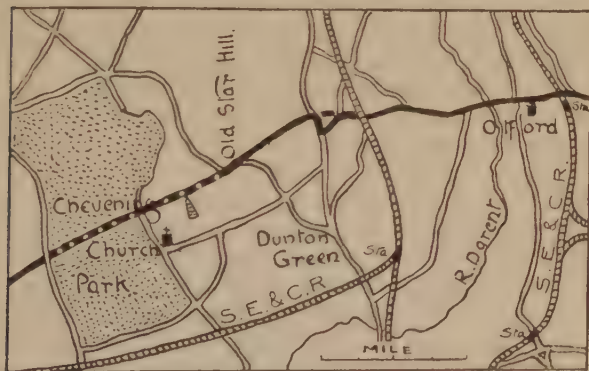
Chapter VIII

On the Road in Kent

LEAVING Titsey, we have a straightforward road of some five or six miles, which, truth to tell, does not prove interesting, though it well illustrates many features of the primitive way. It winds along half-way up the chalky hill-side, while down in the valley can be seen the newer road that has supplanted it, with its string of interesting villages. Soon after leaving the hamlet we pass the Pilgrims' Lodge farm, and then, after a mile, the county boundary. Two hundred feet above us is the ancient lonely church of Tatsfield, from which a splendid view over three or four counties can be obtained. Farther, beyond the rifle range, it is worth while to give a moment's attention to the hillside above us. There seems to be a very distinct track about a quarter of a mile higher up the hill. In places there are remains of a good path, and the question has arisen whether that is not the Old Road rather than the one which we are

taking. A Pilgrim House, the second dwelling of that name, is situated on this upper path, but these names may have arisen from the popular name of the road, and it is quite possible that both roads may be equally old and that they well illustrate my contention that in places we only know the approximate site of the original path. The road is brought to a standstill again at Chevening Park. Here again the pilgrim must decide for himself whether he goes forward across the park, meeting on the way the famous footpath from Knockholt to Chevening (the attempt to close which in 1878 led to much local ill feeling and a case at Quarter Sessions), or whether he makes the two extra miles round the park to the village of Chevening and the park gate. There are indications on the turf that well denote the site of the ancient road which was enclosed, be it noted, under Act of Parliament, but beyond the park, it is not easy to follow. On the Ordnance Survey map its position is as follows:—A direct line from the western side of the park, touching the apex of the triangular coppice, crossing Old Star Hill, and then taking the five-hundred-feet contour line to the main road on the southern slope of Polhill. Thence, after diving down a steep bank on to the main road

and clambering up the other side, it makes directly across the fields to the middle railway bridge, where the main road continues the line of this difficult portion. From Old Star Hill the road is plainly marked on the turf, and the yew-tree, a conspicuous mark, tells its own tale,



which, it may be mentioned in passing, is not that of a direction mark. Yew-trees were not planted alongside ancient roads, as some would have us believe, but a tree in the middle of a field is often an indication of that well-wooded hedge that grows up by the side of any path. Hence they often serve to show the line of road when all else has disappeared. This feature, it will

be remembered, we noticed just before we entered Reigate. The great chalk-pit, another of those immense bites that later times have taken out of the road, must be skirted, and the opportunity might be taken to examine the remains of earthworks in the woods that crown the hill: the adjacent modern fortress surrounded by the War Department notices is one of London's defences, seemingly derelict.

From the preceding it will be obvious that we ought to have made our choice at Titsey which road we should take—the Pilgrim Road, with its obstructions and lack of much of human interest save the actual way, or the Westerham and Brasted road with its churches and memories of Wolfe and *The Virginians*, and of Prince Louis Napoleon (afterwards Napoleon III.), who, with a handful of faithful adherents and a tame eagle, lived at Brasted Park till the unfortunate venture of August 1840, when his little band, eagle and all, were arrested at Boulogne. Whichever direction our fancy takes us, we must certainly see Chevening

Chevening village, a little hamlet clustered round the park gates. The church, dedicated to St Botolph, is chiefly Early English work, with later additions, including a fine Perpendicular tower, and has

many interesting features, among them a remarkable series of monuments and memorials to the Lennards and the Stanhopes, owners of Chevening Place. But to many visitors its greatest treasure is the finely chiselled monument by Sir Francis Chantrey of Lady Frederica Stanhope, the beautiful wife of the third son of the 3rd Earl, who survived her loss only two years. Here one comes in touch with that exquisite lady, Hester Stanhope, who, according to Pitt, could beat the evil one at his own game, but who preferred a lonely life among the cedars of Lebanon.

And now, as we settle upon the road once again, we drop down into the marshy valley of the Darent and cross the morass by a raised road built on the line trodden by early man. We cross the stream, unfortunately not now, as in Spenser's time, the haunt of "ten thousand fishes," and enter Otford's only street.

Canterbury now comes into very close touch with the road, for here was the first of that series of archiepiscopal palaces that are strung along the remainder of the way. All of them are in ruins which speak eloquently of the devastating hand that has passed over them, but sufficient remains to tell of former glories. At Otford the foundations are very extensive, and

can be traced some way beyond the walls that are standing above-ground. From very early times Otford had been a possession of the archbishopric. Lanfranc is supposed to have had a residence here, and Becket is considered to have built a house here, but the existing buildings are practically all of Archbishop Warham's time (1503-1533), who built the palace anew, at a cost of thirty-three thousand pounds. Here he entertained Cardinal Campeggio and later on Henry VIII. and his queen, the latter with a combined retinue of five thousand. Erasmus, too, was a visitor here. Only a fragment of the great building now remains—the western half of the north front, in which was the main entrance. Of the great gatehouse nothing is left, but the gallery connecting it with the tower still stands, converted into cottages. The tower has been gutted, but shows traces of floors and fireplaces. The whole is in typical red Tudor brick, glowing with a hundred tints of red and brown. Permission is readily given to visit the ruins, and the visitor

Otford in his wanderings in the village will come across many relics built into the cottages. In the Bull Inn (a most comfortable house, though it will insist on being a hotel) are fireplaces, panelling,



(a) THE FERRY ACROSS THE MEDWAY: SNODLAND
(b) ST THOMAS' WELL, OTFORD

carved woodwork and huge beams, probably all looted from the ruins of the palace, while from an overmantel Henry VIII. and one of his many wives (Katherine of Aragon is first in popular opinion) look coldly down upon the visitor. The church, with its heavy tower, forms with the adjoining cottages a little group worthy of palette or camera, preferably the former, for then the little red barn that serves as a mission-room can be eliminated. You may spend an entertaining half-hour in the church. The registers with their quaint notes are especially interesting. For instance, the clerk, having torn his "britches," no doubt in the service of the parish, is solemnly awarded 2½d. for the patching of the same. A royal visitor, the Prince of Syria, received the sum of 5s., princely indeed, and Goody Squib, probably having squandered her weekly allowance of 2s., was a further burden to the parish for the sum of 1½d. for a new cap.

Otford has been the scene of two great battles. Offa of Mercia destroyed the kingdom of Kent in a fierce fight in A.D. 796, and two hundred and twenty years later Edmund Ironside made a momentarily successful stand against the Danes under Canute, even pursuing them along the Old Road to the Medway. One will be struck

with the great amount of water in Otford, and therefore can readily accept the legend that Becket, in emulating Moses as a water-finder, smote the earth, whereupon, the chroniclers solemnly state, water gushed out. In the hop gardens behind the church we can see the scene of this miracle, and it then becomes evident that we have nothing more or less than a small mediæval tank or conduit head, originally connected with the old palace.

Otford is a typical village, and we have perhaps spent longer here than usual, but for all its nearness to South London it is a delightful spot, as the presence of numerous cyclists on a Saturday or Sunday in the summer months will testify. But we will on. Past the station we meet the London road, or rather a branch of it, running from Dartford on Watling Street, along the valley of the Darent and through a string of charming villages that would well repay the visitor.

Then we find ourselves on a good road till above Kemsing. There is an interesting milestone on this road at the corner of the steep and narrow lane by Ordnance Survey surface-level point 373. This gives the mileage, on its four faces, to Malling, Dartford, Bromley

Kemsing

and Sevenoaks; but above all, it bears the date of erection—1720—thus making it one of the earliest of the modern milestones which, according to S. and B. Webb's *Story of the King's Highway*, were erected at the beginning of the eighteenth century. A glimpse into the village with its pretty church and well, both dedicated to St Edith, is all we can spare. The well was reputed a holy one, and was probably associated with the curing of infirmities. A statue of the local saint stood in the churchyard, and old Lambarde chuckles gleefully as he writes of the priest, who made quite a good thing out of the "seelie bodies" who brought their field produce here to be blessed. This cleric was a worthy rival to his brother custodian of the merits of St Bartholomew at Otford. From here the road narrows, finally becoming but a foot or so wide, with dense hedges that meet and sorely try the patience of the traveller. You will probably not pass a soul; the way seems to be merely a camping ground for wayfarers, who arrive late and depart early, leaving the warm ashes of their brushwood fires as the only sign of their presence. Just before the road meets the main London to Folkestone highway on the famous Wrotham Hill we pass on our right Blacksole Field. Here, in

January 1554, the ill-fated Sir Thomas Wyatt (of Allington Castle, near Maidstone) was defeated in rebellion against Queen Mary and the proposed "Spanish Marriage." Wyatt was ultimately beheaded, and the marriage took place, but the incident is only one of many that show Kentish folk very prone to rebellion. Wrotham figures also in Jack Cade's rebellion of a century earlier, when at least twenty thousand Kentish men took part.

Continuing our journey we cross Wrotham (or Butt's) Hill and then, after a few yards, plunge into another lane similar to that which we have just left, but before this portion is explored we will descend into Wrotham, where are the scanty remains of the second of the archbishops' palaces on the road and also an extremely interesting church. The garden of the Bull Hotel is part of the palace grounds; the farm-house beyond is built upon older foundations, and in the fields behind are remains of the old wall, but beyond this there is nothing. In the church, however, we can see some old woodwork, the raised platforms on which the chantry altars stood, and the rood-staircase, which we can ascend. Beyond the rood-loft entrance, which is blocked up, we can ascend to

Wrotham

a peculiar passage over the chancel arch built in the thickness of the wall. This has been described as a watching chamber, for windows look down from it into both chancel and nave. These watching chambers are usual where holy things were exhibited, though we have no evidence to show what the particular relic was that Wrotham venerated. But this description may have arisen from association with the "Pilgrims," and the passage may be nothing more than a way to the aisle roofs, to which it ultimately leads. Local names for this peculiar feature are monks' or nuns' passage. There is, too, an unusual opening through the tower, which is probably a processional passage analogous to those at East Bergholt, Suffolk, and Hythe, Kent, and constructed thus because exigencies of the site prevented the complete ambulation of the church, though I have seen it stated, with what authority I know not, that this was so built to preserve a right-of-way through the churchyard. Wrotham has other claims for remembrance ; it was once the seat of an important pottery industry, and, though there is now no vestige of the works, when Wrotham ware appears in the sale-room there is keen competition among collectors to secure fine pieces, but such occasions are rare. There

are three or four fine specimens in Maidstone Museum of these characteristic "tygs."

Note on the wall by the roadside the inscription to the memory of Lieut.-Col. Shadwell of the 25th Regiment of Light Dragoons, who was shot by a deserter on 1st June 1799, a fact that caused the Rev. Mr Cole of Maidstone to shed *A Tear of Regret*, which ran to two editions, the later dedicated to his Royal Highness George Prince of Wales. It contains such gems as—

He fell, fame sounded "Shadwell is no more!"
 And grateful Maidstone bled at every pore,
 Bow'd down the head with slow submissive nod
 And sighed most prostrate Homage to its God.

Why Maidstone was grateful, the poet does not say.

Here we are in the centre of a district rich in interesting things and places, and if time permits many excursions ought to be made. There is the huge prehistoric camp on Oldbury Hill, with the rock shelters some three miles distant, and there is that most excellent little village, Ightham, with its church and, Ightham some two miles beyond, the famous Mote House, a moated dwelling of the Middle Ages. If you are a geologist, Ightham will appeal to you also as the scene of the labours of one of Kent's most famous men,

Benjamin Harrison, the discoverer of evidences of eolithic man and the dawn of the Stone Age. His theories are by no means universally accepted, but he himself had no doubt as to the truth of his exploration. He is buried in Ightham churchyard.

Speaking of the Stone Age brings us back to our own road again. We are entering a portion of Kent which almost exactly repeats the condition of the original western terminus of the Old Road. In fact this district has often been called, and well called, the Kentish Stonehenge. Of the megalithic remains situated in the Medway valley I give in an appendix a complete list, which will tempt those interested to seek out more than those which lie on the road itself. If you have seen Stonehenge and the fragments of Avebury, and have compared them with the conjectural restoration, it will be quite evident after examining the Kentish series that the latter are sepulchral, while the more western stones were most probably erected for religious worship. The subject is immense and debatable, and much ink has been already spilt over it.

We will make for the first of the stones. The lane is somewhat rougher going, and a two miles' walk will bring us out on a steep hill. (If

you desire refreshment, the Vigo Inn at the top of the hill is the only one until you reach the Medway. Profit by my experience.) The Old Road forms part of the Vigo Hill, and descends till a house on our left detains us. This is now known as Pilgrims' House, but was originally the Kentish Drovers' Inn.¹ The road passes directly on, the other road on the right making for Trottescliffe (Trosley), with an interesting ancient church, where the curious in such matters will be interested in the barrel organ that serves for church worship, and the pulpit, which was removed from Westminster Abbey. From the Drovers we strike on to the Downs, grassy above and below, purple and yellow in the spring with violet and primrose. The second byway on our right will take us to the stone circle marked on the Ordnance Survey map. This monument is one of the most complete in Kent, and, strange to say, has not been scheduled as an ancient monument under the Office of Works, though it is quite as important as Kit's Coty House (see p. 174), which has this protection. The circle is almost perfect, except

¹ This change illustrates well my point that many of the "Pilgrim" names on the road are, comparatively speaking, late. The "Kentish Drovers" would be a very appropriate name, suggestive of the only authentic pilgrims—the shepherds and drovers, who used the roads in preference to the turnpike.



(a) TROTTESLIFFE CHURCH

(b) THE ROAD "SUPER MONTES" (*see page 39*)

where a few stones have toppled down on the steep bank. This probably happened when the road was cut. The dolmen has lost its capstone. Many fanciful stories have been woven round this group, as indeed round all of them, but there does not seem to be much doubt that the central chamber received an interment, after which it was covered with earth, and the circle of stones formed a ring or fence round the whole. From its size and evident elaborateness it was the grave of a person of some note. A skeleton was found here, but was interred again in the cemetery and no record kept. Some years ago the late Mr F. J. Bennett, who did much work on the pre-history of this district, excavated the dolmen and found other interments.

Returning, we have a fine stretch of road before us, still rugged and painfully primitive, sometimes hedged, sometimes with no vestige of any embankment, leaving one free to wander over the hill-side. This is most delightful, especially as the year wanes and the woods far and near glow with the gorgeous colour that Nature bestows with a generous hand. Beyond the huge White Horse Wood (the name has some unknown origin in Kentish mythology) is the interesting Norman church of Dode

—interesting because, though completely restored, it is never used. The parish was

devastated in the time of the
Dode Black Death and never recovered its population, and Dode ceased to have a separate existence as a parish in 1366, when it was annexed to that of Paddlesworth (see p. 172), but I advise you, unless time is absolutely no object, not to attempt the journey. The hills are stupendous and the road narrow with overhanging hedges and a shocking surface. I know and speak feelingly, for I carried a cycle the whole distance.

Forward then until we reach Bunker's Farm, beyond which the road sweeps northward to Cuxton and Rochester. That is not our way, for that road, though almost certainly prehistoric, is subsidiary to the route we are following, and is only of importance if we desire to visit the cathedral and city of Rochester.

This road is certainly worth following if Rochester is new to you. At Upper Halling, in the group of houses opposite the Black Boy inn, you will see remains of lancet and round-headed windows. These mark the old chapel of St Laurence. Of course it is here impossible to describe Rochester, but the cathedral and the East Gate House museum (the nun's house of

Edwin Drood), and the charming little hospital of St Bartholomew, with its apse and wall-paintings still perfect and dating from Gundulph's time, 1078, must certainly be seen.

But from Bunker's Farm we are most concerned with the line of the original way. A path diagonally across the field to the tree-surrounded farm is all that serves; but it is sufficient, and brings us to the pleasant group of farm-houses and outbuildings that represent the ancient and decayed hamlet of Paddlesworth. The desecrated church,

Paddlesworth of early Norman date, stands by the road and is now used as a barn, which is only a variant from its previous employment as a shelter for hop and fruit pickers, for whose convenience the great fireplace was built on the site of the altar. On applying at the house the keys may be obtained. The roof has disappeared, and a ruinous thatch is all the protection this venerable building has. It is a pity that something cannot be done to preserve the building. The chancel arch of Decorated (fourteenth-century) style is in perfect condition, but even more interesting to the student of architecture is the elucidation of the various problems suggested by the very mixed nature of the walling, or the comparison

with the very similar church at Dode that we have just noted (p. 170).¹ The last presentation to the church was in 1637, when the living was described as a *sine-cure*, the value of the rectory being *nil*. A very moist lane leads through a field or two and, as at Otford, the Pilgrims' Way becomes at Snodland the High Street. Now Snodland is not beautiful. Paperworks and cement factories, intensely ugly, belch forth volumes of smoke which at times obscure the whole valley. Only

Snodland

a Cobbett can fitly express the sense of disappointment that one

feels. Yet, on the other hand, it is possible to find combinations of factory chimneys, smoke and atmosphere that do make pleasing pictorial compositions. See, for instance, Mr Maxwell's book on *Unknown Kent*. Snodland church deserves a brief examination. There are some fragments of fifteenth-century glass in the north aisle windows. If the botanist wants a happy hunting ground, Snodland marshes will serve him well for an hour or two. The road crosses the river here, originally by a ford, but now by

¹ The comparison of Dode and Paddlesworth churches will interest those who affect to find symbolism in inclined chancels. That of Dode is inclined slightly to the north, while at Paddlesworth the inclination is to the south.

a ferry. Conditions have altered much since early man crossed the stream ; it was then far wider and therefore the current was less strong. Now, when the tide is running out, the ferry-boat is chained to the bed of the stream, and is worked to and fro merely by the rush of the water.

By a winding path we cross the marshes, equally interesting to artists and botanists. We pass Snodland's twin church, Burham Court, and then we bear to the right and make for the hills, leaving Burham village on the left. One must go warily here, for there are paths innumerable, and nothing is easier than to walk straight into the mouth of a chalk-pit. We strike a road from Rochester and make for Kit's Coty House. The district here contains many megaliths, chief of those that we can visit being Tottington Circles, and the Coffin Stone on Tottington Farm, which is reached by a footpath on the right. The track on the left almost opposite takes us past the fragments of

**Kit's Coty
House**

The General's Tomb (lying broken in the hedge) to the most widely known and best preserved of the stones, Kit's Coty House, a dolmen originally placed in a barrow or mound. Many fables have arisen with regard to the name,

one seriously stating that it was erected by an ancient shepherd Christopher, who built the double chamber in order to be protected from the weather, whichever way the wind blew. Farther on, on the Aylesford road (which bears off to the right), over the stile on the left, is a chaotic mass of stones locally known as the "Numbers" or the "Countless Stones," it being supposed that they will never total the same twice running. If you do try to solve the riddle, do not emulate the chalk-marking philistine who delights to scrawl all over them. Try the worthy baker of Aylesford, his method. The story goes that he placed a roll on each stone and counted them as he laid them out. To verify his total he collected his loaves and counted again, but sure enough there was one less. But turning, he saw in place of the missing roll the Evil One, no doubt with the bread inside him. I believe this story is also told of Stonehenge. Further particulars of these stones will be found in the appendix

On leaving this stretch of road, the way lies along the hollow lane midway between the Aylesford road and the one to Blue Bell Hill. We strike the Maidstone road at a spot where a megalith once stood, and then we cross to the lane by the tarred house, known from

the method of construction as Brick-on-Edge Cottage. We enter another long stretch of hill road, which almost immediately wriggles in its course, and then on the left-hand bank stands the "Western Sphinx," as this curious-looking stone has been called. It is somewhat difficult to find to-day, for the clearing that was made at the time of the rediscovery of the monument has disappeared, and once more the stone is hidden by dense undergrowth. Interest in this relic has evidently died down, but about a quarter of a mile eastward from the main road there is evidence in the recent paths up the bank into the wood that a few pilgrims still turn off to seek the stone, which is well worth examining. Mr F. J. Bennett, who brought this monument prominently before Kentish archæologists, maintained that it is a sculptured stone and a prehistoric deity, but I think many unbelievers have yet to be convinced of this. There are certainly crude "faces" on the ends of the stone, but these in great measure can be accounted for by the presence of the characteristic holes found in sarsens, and the stone is most probably the sole remnant of a dolmen, similar to Kit's Coty House. Perhaps you may be able to settle the question for yourself. The road is that marked as such on the map, and

our journey is over open grassland over the rifle range till the village of Boxley is seen nestling below with, some little way off, the site and ruins of the famous Cistercian abbey, founded in 1446 by William d'Ypres, chiefly remarkable for the Holy Rood of Boxley, that

winked, smiled or frowned, accord-

Boxley ing to the amount of lubricating the old "ingen of wyer" received.

The foundations of the abbey are preserved under the paths that intersect the grounds, and some parts of the walls remain, while the nave of the abbey church is a delightful garden with a lily pond running its full length. There is a fragment of the old brick gatehouse and chapel, and some of the huge tithe barns speak of the wealth of the abbey. Near by, the two cottages mark the site of St Andrew's Chapel.

Boxley village and Park House are intimately connected with Tennyson. "The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty limes" that are the scene of the village festival in the opening of *The Princess* are part of Boxley Park; and the festival is doubtless connected with the outings of the Maidstone Mechanics Institute, when

Sport

Went hand in hand with Science ; otherwise

Pure sport ; a herd of boys with clamour bowl'd

M

And stump'd the wicket ; babies roll'd about
Like tumbled fruit in grass ; and men and maids
Arranged a country dance, and flew thro' light
And shadow.

Tennyson stayed here in 1842, and the Old Road was often the scene of his rambles. We can picture him treading the path and beating out those musical lines that come so frequently in his nature poems. For the next ten miles or so we have a string of interesting villages that will take some moments of our time. None of them is far below the road, their situation being quite characteristic, though at the first village, Detling, there is local knowledge which makes the site of the road go *south* of the Cock Inn, instead of as now north of it. This, however, is what might be expected, as the alignment is not perfect there at the present time.

History has given Detling a tag which may or may not be true: "Barren in soil, fertile in twins" runs the saw, but of this I have discovered neither proof nor origin. The church (dedicated to St Martin of Tours) is in the main of twelfth-century date, but has been altered considerably in later times. The tower is probably fourteenth-century. A finely carved wooden lectern (date about 1340), which after having been sold as useless lumber was



WHITE HORSE STONE
OR "WESTERN SPHINX"

recovered years later, now occupies its old position.

Thornham, once of more importance than now, was a hill fort, commanding the road to Sittingbourne. The earthworks on the summit of the hill may be far older than Roman times, though on the other hand they may be the earthwork of the early Norman "motte," and it seems that this has always been looked upon as an ideal stronghold. There are the remains of later masonry, the last vestiges of a castle, probably Norman, though the ruins are called Godard's Castle, the said Godard having been some unknown Saxon. The view from the summit is well worth the troublesome climb. You have the whole of Kent at your feet, and according to the season so the colour setting of the picture. Below you winds the road, stretching into pale sun-laden mists before and behind, and here and there above the little woodlands the spire of a country-side church tiptoes, or smoke from some hidden farm-house creeps lazily away. The whole is an exquisite picture of the homeland, and if you happen to be a Kentish Man, or even a Man of Kent, you feel a thrill that comes with a sense of ownership. In the churchyard below is a grave of

interest to sportsmen: it is that of Alfred Mynn, one of Kent's stalwarts on the cricket-field, whose feats are not forgotten in the minds of the folk in whose midst he lived.

Hollingbourne, the next village, whose name suggests "Holybourne" (which we have already met in Hampshire), though **Hollingbourne** some would have it derived from the hollies that grow around, is closely connected with that honourable Kentish family, the Colepeppers. The church, dedicated to All Saints, is not particularly interesting, though in the north-east chapel is the recumbent figure of Lady Elizabeth Culpepper (the name is spelt both ways), who died in 1638, and the chapel itself, which, truth to say, is very dismal-looking, is full of memorials to the same family. There are also one or two pieces of old embroidery—notably an altar frontal. Hollingbourne, too, had unfortunate notoriety in being the birthplace of one Nick Wood, an honest man, but with the "appetite of a dog," so much so that he died "very poor" in 1630, having spent all his estate to provide food for his body; so at least says Fuller. Externally the church and the old timbered houses make pretty pictures of sleepy country life.

The Ghost of Katherine Howard 181

There are some very remarkable caverns in the vicinity (about a mile and a half west of the church) known as Magpie Bank Caves, and of unknown antiquity. They have become a sort of show-place, and if time permits are worth visiting—though in all probability they are simply the abandoned workings of diggings from which sand was obtained for glass manufacture. The Elizabethan manor-house is built on the site of an older building, many remains of which have been discovered. There is here a genuine ghost, that of poor Katherine Howard, who was a descendant of the Culpeppers and resided here for some time. Some of the trees in the garden were planted by Queen Elizabeth's delicate hands—the same that boxed Essex's ear—and thrive wonderfully well. Two more miles and the road enters the grounds of Stede Hill, just beyond an ancient avenue of yews. The road goes straight through, it cannot be missed, but if you prefer it you can drop down and visit the church at Harrietsham, and see the Stede chapel and the rood-screen. The church is generally locked, but a small boy can easily be found who knows where to obtain the key. We again drop the usual half-mile into Lenham, a quaint little village of timbered houses, clustered round

a little square. "Alas, poor Lenham," is the usual deprecatory remark concerning the place,

Lenham evidently a reference to the bad days that befell the town when stage and coach gave place to train, and the greater ease of communication destroyed the market for which Lenham was once noted.

On the road from the hill we pass the village cage and then reach the square, a fine open space surrounded by quaint old houses and inns. Diagonally opposite is the church of St Mary the Virgin, approached by an ancient lych-gate. The building is mainly of Decorated work, with sixteen good carved stalls (probably for the use of the college of priests at Royton, some little distance away) in the chancel. The peculiarly situated monument to Thomas Apulderfelde in the chancel and the fragments of fourteenth-century wall-paintings of St Michael weighing souls should be observed. In the churchyard is a sarsen stone, and though we cannot build much with one stone, it is maintained by some that this is the last relic of a circle which stood here in prehistoric times, thereby demonstrating the continuity of the site for religious worship from a very early period. This is a favourite theory

with many, but there are obvious difficulties in coming to a definite conclusion in such a matter.

The almshouses, with their exterior carved woodwork, are the gift of a lady of the Honeywood family, the most excellent Dame



Mary Honeywood, who saw with her own eyes three hundred and sixty-seven descendants—sixteen children, one hundred and fourteen grandchildren, two hundred and twenty-eight great-grandchildren and nine of the fourth generation. She died at Marks Hall, in Essex, in 1620, being then ninety-three years old. One notes, too, as at the other places near by,

the huge barns that are often alongside the church. Here at Lenham are three of these—the barns of the abbey of St Augustine in Canterbury—built of stone and wood, and generally preserving in plan and construction the halls of our northern ancestors.

From this point the road continues in varying widths and of uneven surface to Cobham farm, whence it strikes across the fields to a little above Charing, the next village of importance. The road is evident, but the hedges on the two banks have grown together and form an almost impenetrable barrier. If you hazard it, skirt this portion by walking on the edge of the fields, and then by following hedges, which often mark the site of lost roads, you pick up a possible path on crossing Hart Hill. If you do not like to attempt this route, an inspection of the map will suggest an alternative. A mile farther, and we approach Charing in the same manner as we did Wrotham. In fact there are points of similarity between the two places, but in the past Charing was the more important. The remains of the episcopal palace are even now very extensive, and worthy of both study and preservation. Let us forget the unkind jingle that slanders Charing :

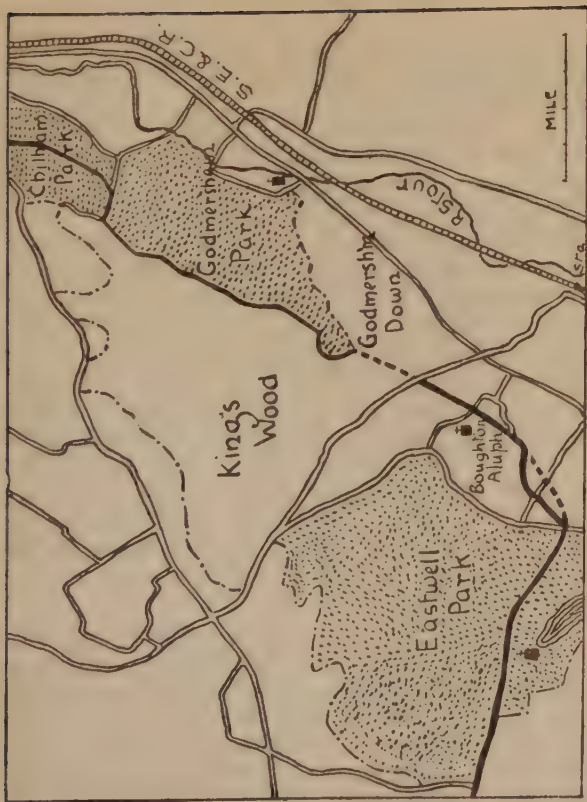
Dirty Charing lies in a hole,
Has but one Bell and that she stole.

If this is true (and it seems to be the invention of one of its neighbours that did not possess a bishop's palace) it must have been long ago in the town's childhood, for Charing was given to the ancient British church by Vortigern long before Augustine's time. This may be open to question, but since Domesday times Charing was a private residence of the archbishop. Charing church certainly should have attracted pilgrims, for in the church was a most authentic relic, the block on which John the Baptist suffered. This was a gift from Richard the Lion Heart, and till 1552 it is supposed to have remained in the church, though its existence is not vouched for in any church inventory. Its disappearance then can easily be accounted for. The present church is the successor to the one that was destroyed in 1590 by a fire caused by a smouldering wad from a gun which was discharged at a pigeon on the roof. Note over the porch the wyvern, the crest of the Brent family in the reign of Edward IV., whose royal badge—the rose within a sun in its glory—is carved above.

The ruins of the palace are adjacent, and are open to inspection on permission being asked at

the farm-house. There are many portions still left standing, including a gateway of the fourteenth century, portions of the undercroft of the chapel, and parts of the great hall, giving one a good idea of mediæval domestic architecture. In the palace Henry VIII. rested on his way to Dover and France to meet Francis I. on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, one of the last displays of chivalry and pageantry, the swan song of the Middle Ages, before the classic revival swept all such things away.

Charing is supposed by some to be the original of the *Duroleva* of the Antonine Itinerary. Roman remains have been found in the district, but Lenham is generally given this honour. Leaving Charing, we enter the last phase of our journey, for Canterbury is but fourteen miles away, and a pleasant wooded walk brings us to the entrance of Eastwell Park, through which the road takes its course to the gates on the opposite side. The park is one of Kent's largest domains, consisting of more than four thousand acres, enclosed in a ring fence. Half of this is a deer park. The house is comparatively modern, having been rebuilt under the direction of Bonomi, just over a hundred years ago, but it has had many famous residents, including the Duke of



Abercorn and the Duke of Edinburgh, afterwards of Saxe-Coburg, and here the Queen of Rumania was born.

The actual road is the choked-up lane by the side of the entrance at Dunn Street. It is a most difficult bit to travel, huge trees having fallen across the road, and it means climbing over them if progress is to be made. A portion more effectively showing the complete abandonment of this ancient track would be difficult to find. In the ruts left by the last cart stout saplings six or seven inches round have sprung up. This path enters the park, and then makes for the cottages just north of the church, passes south of the house, where the embanked road can be plainly
Eastwell seen, and thus to the highroad.

The scenery is quite foreign to the usual Kentish type; it is difficult to describe exactly, but it certainly seems out of place in this county.

The church of Eastwell, beautifully situated on the margin of a large lake in the park, contains many fine tombs, but of all these the simple arch in the chancel that is said to cover the bones of the last of the Plantagenets, the illegitimate son of Richard III., will appeal to many. The story runs that, after the fatal day at

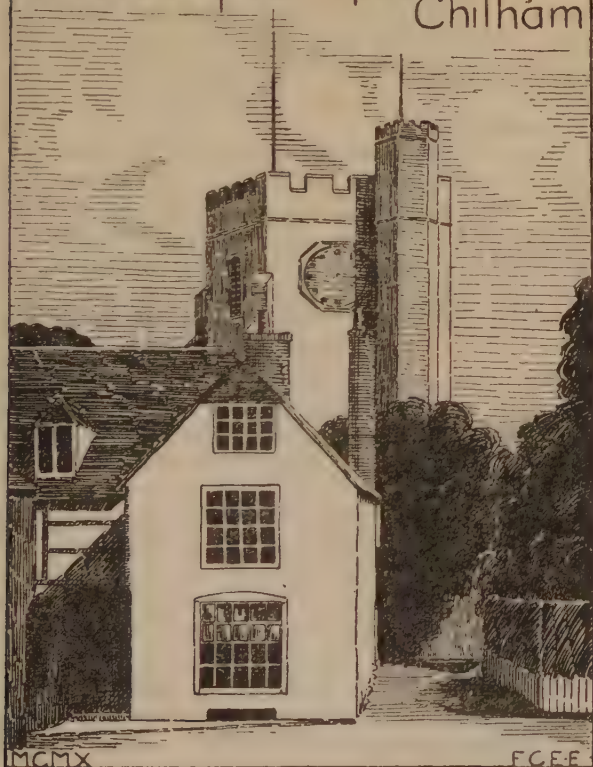
Bosworth, when all was lost to Richard, including his life, this unfortunate fled in disguise, and came to this spot, where as a humble peasant toiling for his bread he lived till 1550. The cottage near by is pointed out as the scene of his retirement.

Westwell Church, which we ought to have visited before entering the park, is chiefly noted for its Early English stained glass. Barham, the author of the immortal *Ingoldsby Legends*, was curate at this church from 1814 to 1820. Crossing the park and arriving at the lodge gates on the eastern side, we must take the main road. The way sweeps round to join that portion near Boughton Church, marked on the Ordnance Survey map as supposititious, but which is actually the road. This then takes us by the second footpath past Boughton Aluph church, a fine Decorated building, but seemingly difficult to enter. Here trouble and confusion seem to arise. The footpath is quite evident to White Hill, and from here behind Soakham farm on the hill-side can be seen a double line of yews. Between these is a deep gully, which climbs steeply and pursues a semicircular course for about a quarter of a mile. On the summit of Soakham Down are numerous woodland tracks which will easily lead to

disaster, but by bearing slightly to the right, following the fence to the gate which will be seen ahead, and passing through it, we shall see on the left the fence of Godmersham Park. This can be quite easily traced on the Ordnance Survey map, where it is marked as the "Pilgrims' Road," and it leads direct to the gates of the third great park—that of Chilham. This park is not open to the public, though it would be worth while to endeavour to obtain permission to cross. Otherwise a detour must be made northward via Dane Street and the main road, or else descending the hill from Chilham Park and reaching the Ashford to Canterbury road, a mile beyond Godmersham village, which, if time permits, is well worth seeing.

At Godmersham we have another of those great Kentish parks, this one filling the slopes between Eastwell, which we have seen, and Chilham, that we shall skirt. The village church and manor-house, at the foot of the hills, make an interesting picture, and the church, with its twelfth-century apse and ancient yews, is well worth visiting. For the third time on our journey we come into contact with memories of Jane Austen. Her brother Edward had been adopted by the Knights, of Godmersham, and he later inherited the property of his foster-

A Corner of the Square Chilham

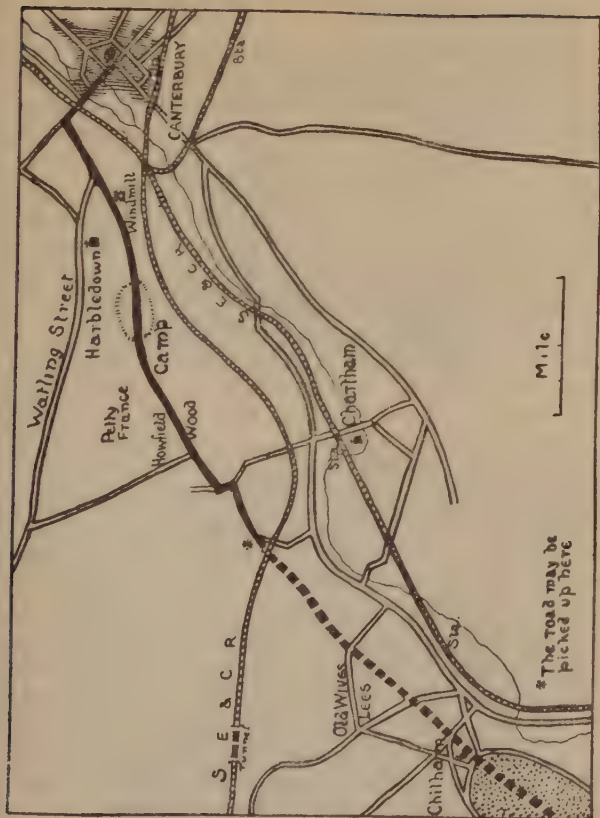


parents. His sister Jane often visited him here in the latter part of the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth century, numerous letters of hers having been addressed from Godmersham.

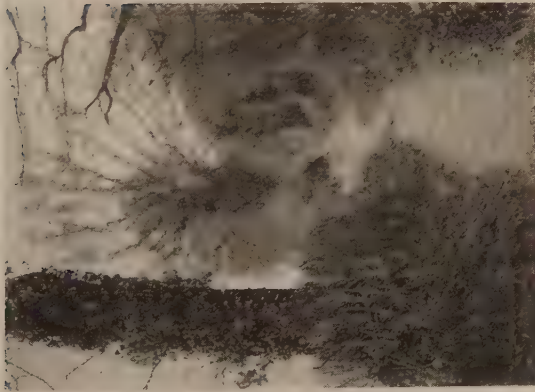
Whether the path through the park is taken past the ruins of the castle that overlooked the silver thread of the Stour running in the valley below, or we journey by the unpleasant main road the two long miles from Godmersham, we must certainly direct our steps to the little square of Chilham village, a pretty collection of timbered houses encircling the

Chilham ancient church. The place was the home of the Digges family, one of whom was Master of the Rolls *temp.* James I. There are numerous monuments to them in the church.

Chilham is reputed to be the site of a sanguinary battle between the invading Romans and the Britons, and the Romans do not seem to have come well out of the encounter, for the great mound on the opposite bank of the river is Julaber's Grave, a corruption, so it is said, of Julius Laberius, who was a leader of the invaders. Excavations have failed to prove that there is any truth in the legend. Here also is Jullieberrie Down, possibly a similar corruption.



Beyond here the ordinary map will give no help; in fact it will only confuse. The Old Road has disappeared completely till Chartham Hatch is reached and only a few fragments of the mediæval version survive, such as that at Old Wives Lees, which is at right angles to the course of the way. This latter place is connected with Sir Dudley Digges of Chilham in a rather curious fashion. He had a gift of humour that is nowadays rare. He certainly managed to get into his will the origin—if history could speak decisively—of many a domestic comedy and tragedy in these parts. His bequest directed that four eligible young persons, two of each sex, not younger than sixteen nor more than twenty-four years of age, should be properly selected by the freeholders. These four, on the 19th of May each year, were to run a race, and the young man and the young woman who were declared winners, if willing to wed, were to benefit by the sum of ten pounds each. But the gatherings became a matter of public scandal, and after much opposition the custom was suppressed and the money diverted to other uses. These races, so the story runs, were to be decided at Old Wives Lees, but they also took place at Sheldwich, a village that was also entitled to share in the bequest.



THE ROAD BELOW
KIT'S COTY HOUSE



THE ROAD AS A HIGHWAY;
BEYOND OTFORD

Just beyond Old Wives Lees is a fragment of the Old Road, a narrow lane of some quarter of a mile, but it is the only recognisable fragment. With so little to guide us, we may just as well take the high road, till by the fourth milestone from Canterbury we espy a road on our left. This path shortly divides, that to the left making for an arch under the railway, that on the right crossing over it. Either will bring us to a footpath to Chartham Hatch. From here the Way can be traced with ease, and we shall enter the city by the orthodox route. Past Howfield Wood and Petty France (a charming name this last) we enter Bigberry Wood, with its ancient encampment crowning the hill, now seemingly to be carted away for building or roadmaking. This last makes us pause, to wonder where the ancient soil of the Old Road is making new paths for newer men. But while we pause we can gather much interesting knowledge, for here, practically the only instance in its whole course, the road cuts straight through an embanked encampment, which, however, is none too clearly discernible without much labour and a good plan. The road is certainly not later than the camp, for the camp is evidently there to guard the junction of two roads, the Old Road from the west and the

present London road, or rather the ancient continuation of it, existing now as an old footpath across the field from Upper Harbledown. If then the date of the camp could be fixed, a limit to the youth of the road would be certain. The interior of the entrenchment was thoroughly explored by Prof. Boyd Dawkins in 1895, and from the number of iron implements found therein, their shape and similarity to other tools found elsewhere, the date of the encampment was fixed as that of the prehistoric Iron Age, roughly 200 B.C.

From the eastern gate, flanked by low banks, we can look across the intervening valley filled with flourishing hop gardens, to the tiny hospital of St Nicholas, Harbledown, which might be visited from here if time be short (see p. 217 *et seq.*), and Chaucer's road—the Watling Street. There is no need for haste, even though night creeps on. Two short miles (one of which, for its lack of interest and beauty, might well be covered in the most Egyptian darkness, and that perpetually) and we shall enter the city. So here on the last summit we pause and look back to the Downs, where the white path leads to the water-meadows of the Itchen. Before us passes the pageant of time, acted, in conformity with our beliefs or opinions

on this old road, by ancient men with flints, lines of bowed backs with tin for Rome, pilgrims with holy relics and very secular tales, or shepherds with their flocks. We see these once more and descend the hill-side to the swampy valley. Another little climb to the windmill, and there the Angel Tower of the cathedral, if there be but light enough, is seen piercing the indefinite haze that betokens the city in the hollow. The road again drops, the last field disappears, laundries and the backs of fashionable villas crowd unpleasantly upon the old way, and then, with a shamefaced apologetic humour (why, I know not) it joins the Roman road.

As Winchester gave way to London, so the Winchester road gives way to the London road, but you may be quite sure that under the superfine surface of the macadam and tar is the rough but honest way from the west. The road then continues, and as we left it at Winchester by a sharp turn to the right, so here do we enter Canterbury by a similar bend. At St Dunstan's Church, at the corner of the London road, at the spot that for ages was the halting-place for all pilgrims to the shrine of St Thomas, we halt too. Then, under the massive West Gate, we enter Canterbury.

Chapter IX

Canterbury

Now we come to the present end of our journey, and the hours that we shall spend in Canterbury will be a conclusion fitting and valuable. Whether we have come in the spirit of those early churchmen to visit a martyr's shrine, or have journeyed with a humility born of the antiquity of the road in the steps of those former wanderers who cautiously felt their way along the open Downs to the mysterious west, we can still find in Canterbury spots that will harmonise well with our own sentiments.

Of course it will be remembered that we said that Canterbury was only the central depot for the string of ports that fringe the Kent coast. If we are so minded we can trace one or all of the ancient roads that lead from the city to Reculvers, Ramsgate, Richborough, Sandwich, Dover, Folkestone, Lympne, and even Rye and Winchelsea, and thus stand on the edge of the narrow sea which now breaks the continuity of

the road from Europe. Indeed, it would be a test as to whether the lessons of the road had been well learnt if by aid of map and observation we could thus make the coast. A pleasant walk along one of the roads to Patricxbourne and Bekesbourne might be taken ; this road is a continuation of Ivy Lane (which itself was the British entry into the city before St George's Gate was built, and before Longport Street and the new Dover road were constructed), and it now ends abruptly in a wood, some four miles from the city wall.

The history of the city in its early period is shadowy. King Lud is said to have been the founder of Canterbury, but

The history of the city though we cannot believe this, yet the city is as old as the road from it, and who will give the

age of the road ? Through Canterbury every Roman soldier passed on his way from Richborough to the most distant stations in Britain. From its position it has always been a protection against the invader, especially so when it was the proud capital of the proudest of county men. Its name is Cantwarabyrig, the city of Kentish men. Thus it remained until the coming of Augustine, and, after a brief struggle between royal and civil pre-eminence, the city

emerged as the religious centre of England. It comes about then that in Canterbury the religious element is the most pronounced, and the insignificance of the civil power of the Middle Ages is finely indicated by the present condition of the noble castle, now a store at the gas-works.

To the cathedral we must direct our steps—not, alas, to the shrine of the murdered archbishop, for like the block at Charing and the rood of Boxley, that disappeared in the great destruction. We can see the spot where he fell, and the axe-hewn stones that saw the horrible deed. The gloomy winter evening, the curses, the angry retorts and insults, the savage blows, the clanging doors and then the silence we must conjure up for ourselves. We may imagine the gatherings of pilgrims of high and low degree, the gentle Erasmus and the choleric Colet, the penitent king, barefooted and kneeling, his back given to the scourge—for these are historical facts and do not depend on tradition, and we are now certainly where the pilgrims came, if we have not so certainly trodden the way by which they came. There is not one stone left upon another of the shrine that was the envy and glory of Christendom. St Thomas comes down the ages as Bishop Becket, and a

void is created—perhaps it is as well—*Sic transit gloria mundi*. But having come thus far it is very meet and proper to investigate this fine old city and see what it has to offer us. We were standing pondering at St Dunstan's corner, just beyond the junction of Chaucer's road from Southwark and the Old Way. At this spot Henry II. commenced his humiliating pilgrimage, some pointing to a little vestry in the adjacent church as the place where the king disrobed. In the church is a somewhat unusual "head shrine" containing the head of Sir Thomas More, who was executed in 1535. It was brought here by his devoted daughter, Margaret, who had married into that famous and widespread Kentish family, the Ropers. Of the church itself, there are parts that certainly seem pre-Norman, there being in the north-west angle of the nave very definite Saxon long-and-short work. Turning round and making for the city, we pass the red-brick archway that is now the entrance to the brewery : it originally gave access to the Roper mansion (1500) which stood on this spot. The street architecture is decidedly interesting. The old Star Inn, the house opposite Station Road, was a noted inn even in the Middle Ages. The Falstaff is conspicuous by the

very fine wrought-iron arm, displaying its sign over the roadway. We pass under the gateway, the only remaining one, and are in St Peter's Street. Archbishop Sudbury built the present gate in 1379, and again, like Kingsgate, Winchester, it had a chapel on the top. This was the church of the Holy Cross, which was on the rebuilding of the gate re-erected close by. Again, like **The Church of West Gate at Winchester, it contains a small museum of arms and armour.** The present gate had a narrow escape from the evil designs of an itinerant circus man, who had the effrontery to ask that the gate should be removed to let his miserable caged beasts through ; and, what is hard to believe, it was only saved by the casting vote of the chairman.

The present Holy Cross Church contains little of interest, save some ancient woodwork. Farther on we notice the Sidney Cooper School of Art, which the veteran artist, who was born in the little cottage that forms the vestibule, gave to the corporation. Who does not know Sidney Cooper's cows ? By no means a great artist, he was a conscientious one, and the lovers of the ancient city will often be reminded of the fields and brooks and the grey cathedral

towers when they see the works of this artist. Cooper lived during the latter part of his life at Harbledown, which figures in one or two of his pictures. Farther down the road is the church of St Peter, a very interesting architectural study, containing much reused Roman material. Roman tiles are extensively used in the construction. On the north wall of the chancel is an Easter sepulchre. Note the house on the street corner of the Friars, a road which bends round and crosses the river near the old Black Friars or Dominican monastery, remains of which still exist, and which should be visited. The refectory, which has in turn been a Baptist and a Unitarian chapel, is chiefly of early Decorated work, with later fifteenth-century additions. On the opposite side of the road will be seen a narrow passageway, with a notice calling the attention of visitors to the Grey Friars. This should also be visited, but to do so it is better to ignore this passage and, continuing along St Peter Street, cross the river and take the first turning to the right, Lamb Street. A few yards along will be seen a wide entry, on the double door of which is another notice relating to Grey Friars. Enter by this gate and ring the bell. The Grey

**St Peter's
Church**

Friars or Franciscans settled in Canterbury soon after their arrival in England, and this house is probably earlier than that in London. It was built soon after 1224, and recent excavations, though by no means complete, have revealed some interesting remains, chiefly of the church. In fact it seems that the little lane above mentioned is the "church entry" leading to the tower separating the choir and the nave. In this case the choir should be looked for under the orchard on the right of the lane, while the nave is that part exposed by the river-side. The fine thirteenth-century building, over an arm of the Stour, has recently been put into good repair, but it is difficult to say precisely what part of the monastic buildings it originally was. After the Dissolution the Cavalier poet Richard Lovelace, a member of an extensive Kentish family and one of the bearers of the Kentish Petition, lived in it. Two at least of his lines will ever be remembered—

Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage.

A little way beyond, the main branch of the Stour winds through the city, and the road crosses it by the King's Bridge, at one time called Eastbridge. The view on the left-hand side is very fine. The old gabled houses and

ancient walls reflected in the still waters remind one of those delicious deserted waterways of Bruges or Ypres. The timbered houses are the home of the Canterbury weavers—worthy continuators of an industry that has flourished in Canterbury for many centuries. The introduction of this industry is due to the Walloons who fled from the horrors of the Inquisition then newly established in the Netherlands. In 1560 Queen Elizabeth granted the use of the cathedral crypt for their religious services, and to this day it remains in the hands of the French Protestants who came hither after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

The building opposite, with the sunken entrance, is the Hospital of St Thomas. It is built partly over the river, and

The Hospital of St Thomas was originally intended to receive wayfaring and sick men and women, twelve beds being reserved for their needs. After the Dissolution it became a combination of school and almshouse, but the former function has long ceased. In the crypt-like hall are a few wall-paintings, only recently discovered, one dealing with the martyrdom. The road now becomes the High Street, and we pass All Saints' Church, of no interest whatsoever, and then reach the

Beaney Museum and Library. There are many objects of interest here bearing on the city and on the Old Road in its prehistoric and Middle Age life, but unless our stay is of more than a few hours' duration we can at the most only skim the contents. There are, too, a few good pictures.

**Beaney
Museum**

Prior Chillenden's Inn on the opposite side of the road was another guesten house. It was later known as the Crown Inn, and is now a row of shops. The upper rooms have Elizabethan ceilings and woodwork, to which period the outside decorations also belong. The Guildhall is of little interest ; it has a collection of portraits of local worthies. Reaching Mercery Lane, we are on definite Chaucerean ground, for here at the corner is the

Chequers of the Hope that many a man doth know.

The original building was destroyed by fire some years back, but the basement shows evidence of its age. On application visitors may descend to the cellar, which is in much the same condition as in 1400, though somewhat restored. Mercery Lane, an old name showing as it does the days when the traders were all in districts of their own, is another

Mercery Lane Canterbury



old-world thoroughfare, and we turn down it to reach the cathedral. At the end of the lane we see the magnificent gateway of the old abbey, now giving entrance to the cathedral close ; but before we enter we should note the unnecessary war memorial standing in the Old Butter

Market. This occupies the site of
Christopher the old market cross, and later
Marlowe a fine memorial to Christopher
Marlowe stood here. Christopher

Marlowe was born in St George's Street in 1564, and achieved fame as a dramatist, as an atheist and as a rake. As the first he laid the foundation of that dramatic art that Shakespeare was to bring to perfection ; as to the second he was cited to appear before the religious courts to answer for his heretical opinions, from which he was saved by his dissolute life, for quarrelling with his servant in a low Deptford tavern, he was fatally stabbed and died in 1593. A strong fearless figure, with a true Kentish accent in all his writings, he lives in our memory for his work and not his life. Marlowe was an Ishmael, and perhaps more sinned against than sinning, and it is with peculiar feelings that we read the epilogue to *Faustus*, one of his most powerful plays :

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough
That sometime grew within this learned man.

That was his estimate of Faustus: that also must have been his own estimate of himself. He could have no better epitaph, no better description of the frailty of his genius. Faustus in his life was strongly reminiscent of Marlowe, and in his end the similarity was repeated: but all true Kentish men remember with sorrow and joy poor Kit Marlowe, and it is not to the credit of Canterbury that she should have permitted the removal of his statue (to a position at the other end of the city, near the site of the old Ridigate), the more so as a beautiful and extremely suitable war memorial has been constructed at the east end of the close, by laying out the space between the city wall and the cathedral close as a quiet and reposeful garden. The bastion of the city wall that occurs here has been transformed into a tasteful memorial chapel as part of the whole scheme.

Prior Goldstone's Perpendicular gateway was erected in 1517 and, though much battered and weathered, forms a fitting entrance to the close. Within are the monastic buildings, the church, now the cathedral, and the ruined domestic

buildings.¹ As we shall most probably make our journey with the usual party, the following chief points should be looked for. The nave is somewhat similar to that of **Canterbury Cathedral** Winchester, being in the Perpendicular style (triforium represented by an arcading), and the choir, of Transitional Norman work, is the longest in England. Notice, too, how the walls approach each other at the eastern end. The most interesting features of the whole cathedral will be those connected with the martyrdom. In the cloisters one may trace the route followed by the assassins, and the transept known as the "Martyrdom" marks the place where the archbishop fell. Behind the high altar is St Thomas' Chapel, where the magnificent shrine once stood. Its site is marked by a fine piece of pavement of Italian workmanship, similar to that in Westminster Abbey, much restored but still beautiful. An interesting story is attached to the marble pillars surrounding the chapel. They were sent by Pope Alexander III. as a gift to the cathedral at the festival of canonisation, but

¹ A detailed perambulation of Canterbury Cathedral will be found in Homeland Pocket Book No. 8, *Our Homeland Cathedrals* (Southern Section), with plan and illustrations. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net. Of all booksellers or from the publishers of this volume.

these two (and the two responds at the east) were all that reached this country. The others were "lost or broken." They are to be found, however, intact in the cathedral of Marsala in Sicily.

The chief tangible relic is the tomb of Edward the Black Prince, above which hangs his helmet, shield, jupon or coat-of-arms, gauntlet and sword sheath; Cromwell (Oliver this time, not Thomas) is credited with stealing the sword from the sheath, but expert opinion is agreed that the sword the sheath contained was a mere toy. So in a sense are all the relics: they are not personal, but were probably made to be carried in the funeral procession. The circular addition at the eastern end of this chapel is the Chapel of the Trinity, generally known, though for what reason is not clear, as the Corona, or Becket's crown. Its chief objects, worthy of detailed notice, are the stained-glass windows, containing many scenes and legends of the saint's life. By a miracle these windows escaped the fate of most of the ancient glass, and we have them to-day practically uninjured. Notice especially the various tombs or shrines, faithful reproductions of the various resting-places of the body; one window shows the shrine of the Translation. From it the figure of the archbishop appears in

a vision to sleeping Benedict, his biographer. The chair of St Augustine (not to be confused with the more ancient wooden seat in the museum) is made of Sussex marble, and was probably constructed for the fête of the Translation, 1220, though its exact date is a question over which learned ones wax eloquent. Anyhow, it has been for centuries the chair on which each new archbishop has been enthroned.

On leaving the interior we may like to take a stroll round the precincts and see the remains of the grand old priory.¹ From the south porch we walk round the south side with its wealth of architectural detail. We notice at the east end of the south transept the end of Stephen Langton's (the archbishop-warrior of Magna Charta) tomb projecting from the wall, and we pause to admire the beautiful Norman tower of St Anselm, a portion of the earlier transept. Continuing through the old monks' cemetery, we notice the apsidal east end, sure evidence of French workmanship, a characteristic rare in English cathedrals, most of which were altered later to the square end. Coming round on the north side we find the conventual buildings

¹ The best account of the monastic buildings and their arrangement is by Professor Freeman in *Archæologia Cantiana*, vol. vii.

ranged round the cloister in their normal order. The chief feature is the central aisle of the monks' infirmary, that noble series of arches running parallel with the church. On the south aisles within the cloister is the baptistery, a very absurd name for the lavatory of the old buildings. We should have noticed previously the building at the east of the cathedral. This is the Meister Homer's house, a name that seems almost unintelligible, but is derived from the name of one of the monastery officers, Master Omer, who was, in the thirteenth century, an official of the archdeacon and an important law officer. Beyond the infirmary ruins is the passage known as the Dark Entry, the scene of one of Ingoldsby's famous legends, which of course has no foundation in fact. We enter by this passage the Green Court, and then, passing in a garden near by two of the columns from the old ruined church at Reculver, we pass the King's School, with its magnificent Norman porch and stairway, and then out into Palace Street.

Returning to the main thoroughfare, we will now direct our steps to what is perhaps the most venerable spot in Canterbury—anyhow we can justly call it the home of English faith—St Martin's Church. The road becomes St George's

Street, and on the right is the site of the White Friars. These were the Austin Friars, not the Carmelites, who are generally thus known. The buildings are almost completely destroyed, only a few old walls remain—and none of them is very illuminating. The site is now covered by Simon Langton's school. The church of St George, containing Norman work and a very interesting thirteenth-century font, is near the site of the old St George's Gate, pulled down in the nineteenth century. The cattle market is actually held in the town ditch or moat without the walls. From here, taking Ivy Lane, and Longport Street, we reach, beyond the hospital and gaol, St Martin's Church. A small fee is charged to see this building, and as the payment brings with it a concise printed résumé of the important features of the church, they need not be noted here. Take especial note of the font of Saxon work with Norman additions.

Returning along Longport and Monastery Streets, we next come to Lady Wootton's Green, from which is obtained an excellent view of the old city defences, free from the obstructions that encumber much of the other existing walls. The gateway opposite is St Elizabeth's Gate, built by Thomas Ickham, sacrist of the monastery of St Augustine, to

which the gate gives access. St Augustine's Abbey dates from 598, and was originally dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, **St Augustine's Abbey** but Dunstan in 971 rededicated the building, which after a glorious life fell under the hand of the destroyer in the reign of Henry VIII. It became successively a royal palace, and then a residence for lesser lights, being abandoned to the wiles of a Cremorne or Vauxhall imitator. Since then, however, the grounds have been purchased, with such remnants of buildings as remained. The whole has been restored as a missionary college, and was reopened in 1848.

By no means should St Augustine's be omitted from any pilgrimage—of however short duration—to Canterbury. Excavations carried out by the college authorities, assisted by some of the most eminent antiquaries in England, have revealed the most interesting and valuable ecclesiastical remains extant in England.

Not only can be seen at least three churches, built the one on the other, as the community outgrew its accommodation, but open for view for the first time for a thousand years are the tombs of Augustine, Justus, Mellitus, Laurentius and the other apostles of the English.

Space forbids a detailed description of all

these matters, but a small entrance fee at the gateway will ensure a visit to the site, armed with all the necessary literature, plans and a guide. And if you are fortunate you may see archæological excavation in operation, for the next few years will see the rest of the abbey church uncovered. You will also see the remains of the church of St Pancras, a most interesting building, constructed almost entirely of Roman brick. It has undergone several alterations since its construction, notably in the fifteenth century, but enough can be seen to make the ground plan of one of our earliest churches evident.

Now we may retrace our steps, following the city wall or its site, past St George's Gate and the market, and on to the other quarter of the city. Here is the Dane John, marking the pre-historic site of the city, now laid out as a public garden. The mound in the centre crowned with an obelisk is of primitive construction, but its origin is unknown. Near the footbridge is the old *Invicta*, one of Stephenson's engines for the Canterbury and Whitstable railway, which later was merged into the S.E. & C.R., now the south-eastern section of the Southern Railway.

From here the great Norman keep of the castle is but a step, then by Stour Street, past

Maynard's Hospital, the Jewry and the Poor Priests' Hospital—the latter now a shop—we again reach the High Street. This is but a cursory ramble. There are many little nooks and corners that hide in unexpected places, and did time allow, this itinerary could be extended tenfold.

We must, however, retrace our way, and visit Harbledown, intimately connected with many great men, and a pleasant afternoon walk. Back, then, through the city to the spot where the Old Road falls into the Watling Street. We take Chaucer's road, and a mile or so beyond St Dunstan's, in a deep cutting on the road, we find a flight of steps leading to a picturesque gate-house. Beyond is the little hillock with the ancient church of St Nicholas,

| | |
|---------------------|---|
| St Nicholas' | of the brethren. The building |
| Church | dates from 1084, having been built by Lanfranc for lepers. |

Later it became an almshouse, and now has some aged men and women who, like the inmates of the larger foundation of St Cross, spend their declining days in a peace unknown to many of their wealthier and more fortunate brethren. The notice states that you must inquire for the sub-prior, who will conduct

visitors round. Note especially the early Norman work and the sloping floor. This latter was a necessary arrangement for the thorough cleansing of the building after each service. Our cicerone will also take us into the hall and display the relics, the same that Erasmus and Colet in their memorable pilgrimage saw, one with disgust too plainly expressed, and the other in silence, fearful for his companion's temerity.

Beyond the gardens of the houses is a well, above which is carved the badge and motto of the Prince of Wales. It is known as the Black Prince's Well, and legend says that from this well water noted for its curative properties was drawn for the dying prince at Canterbury. But the Black Prince did not die in the city, though his funeral was the occasion of much ceremony.

Returning, we pause on the brow of the hill under the shadow of the old church, and look back to the city, a prospect beheld by many a one as he climbed from the little town

Yclept Bob up and down
Under the Blee in Canterbury way.

After all, it is but another of those delightful prospects that have met us on our journey along

the hills, and what can be more fitting than at the close of our journey to stand with the grey towers before us and the distant haze beyond which tells of the sea whence came the path-makers, whence came Augustine, and whence came Tracy and the rest.

We descend and make our way to the town again, and linger therein maybe for a few days longer. Perhaps we ought not to omit Fordwich from our pilgrimage : it is only about three miles out, and is important

Fordwich as the original port of Canterbury.

The latter was built just above tidal water, so an arm of the city stretched down the river and formed there a wharf, which later developed into the borough of Fordwich, with its mayor and jurats, quite independent of Canterbury. The list of officers is quite formidable, and included two "coal meters." The corporation was dissolved in 1886, and a town trust took over the government of the village and the distribution of the revenues. The quaint town hall should be seen, and also that little disciplinary institution for super-talkative females, the ducking stool, which is there preserved, as also the crane by means of which the stool and its occupant were deposited in the stream. The church, as ancient as the

township, shows specimens of all periods of building ; but as one might go on finding fresh fields for ever, one must stop somewhere. So having made the pilgrimage, let us be content to stand among our fellows as having more than a nodding acquaintance with the shades of the road. True, our survey has been of necessity superficial, but having made the road, and having straightened some of the many knots that entangle the way, we have the path direct for another journey, and yet another. We have not exhausted the possibilities of the way, for with repeated journeys new features appear continually. I have tried to make you freemen of the road. If I have succeeded you have at your command one of the most delightful districts of England, with ancient towns, silvery rivers, woods and villages without end. If I have failed, why then, that is the fault of the writer, not of the road. For this I crave your indulgence, that you

Pardon where I have not tried,
Pity where I failed.

Appendix I

Alternative and Parallel Ways in connection with the Pilgrims' Road

IT has been made fairly clear that though the backbone of the journey described in this book is the Old Road as set forth in Mr Belloc's book, the writer has not accepted the usual theory that it was used at all by mediæval pilgrims. Hence this list of tributary ways that are alleged to be associated with the pilgrimages is perhaps unnecessary. But they all form pleasant byways when, as sometimes happens, the direct course is uninteresting. And even as the original road-makers did not rigidly confine themselves to one definite strip of earth, but took rather a definite direction, it may happen that some of these paths also are of considerable antiquity.

There are the various roads to Winchester from the west, the south-west and Southampton, and the two tracks from that city to the old Harrow Way, the one going due north and the

other going north-east to meet it half-way to Farnham. Then there is the less direct road to King's Worthy round the present main road rather than the marshy journey over the Itchen water-meadows. From Southampton there is also a direct road via Stoneham and Froyle to Alton and to Alresford via Durley, Upham and Saltham, north of Bishop's Waltham, or again to Ropley and Alresford, or yet farther eastwards, from Southampton to Farnham over Milbarrow and Rilmiston Downs or by Beacon Hill near Warnford.

From Bishop's Sutton there is a path through Ropley, Tisted, Farringdon and Chawton—south of the Old Road, or through North Street, Ropley Soke and Medstead, north of the Road. Then there is the Harrow Way. Undoubtedly the road over the Hog's Back was much used, leading as it does to Guildford—a place of no small importance. The present main road from Shere to Dorking again must have carried some of the traffic via Wotton, and thence to Burford Bridge. A road also left Guildford to join the Old Way at Chuntries Wood and another took the crest of the chalk hills—Pewley, Albury Down, Hackhurst Down to Denbies—north of the more ancient way. From Denbies to Box Hill via Burford Bridge is well authenticated.

There is the track above Titsey, before-mentioned, and a detour via Chevening was preferable to the toilsome climb to Old Star and thence to Otford. From Wrotham a path leads through Addington, Malling, Leybourne and Aylesford to Kit's Coty House, or by a wider loop through Maidstone to Boxley. In the opposite direction is an old road from Bunker's Farm, through Halling to Rochester and down the other side of the Medway through Burham. A crossing of the Medway at Halling is possible by two roads, meeting on the western bank of the river.

From Charing there is a road to Wye, but this seems to avoid Canterbury and makes for the sea by Stowting; there is an alternative to the Chilham Road through Snode Street, Beacon Hill, Stone Street, Fisher's Hill, Hatch Green to Bigbury; or a third cutting off a big loop and going through Challock Lees to Chilham. Finally there is the "Canterbury to the coast" series of roads to Reculver, Ramsgate, Richborough, Sandwich, Dover, Folkestone or Lympne, most of which can still be traced.

The Watling Street and its tributaries hardly come within the scope of this summary, as the only point of coincidence is the short portion of the entry into Canterbury.

Appendix II

The Megalithic Stones along the Old Road

WESTON WOOD, SURREY (near St Martha's Church).—Here is a group of huge boulders, said to be ruins of a cromlech. I have not seen them, nor can I find any other mention of them save that they exist. From their situation, if they represent anything, they mark a possible burial site. Their position, midway on the Pilgrims' Road, is practically the only instance of such remains other than the well-known groups towards either end of the road, and calls for some close examination. The district is prolific in early "finds."

COLDRUM, KENT.—A stone circle surrounding a dolmen, the top of which is missing. Some of the stones have fallen into the road, which has cut into the circle. There are the remains of a stone circle of recumbent stones, 50 ft. diameter ; side stones of dolmen, 11 ft. \times 7 ft. \times 2 ft. and 9 ft. \times 7 ft. \times 2 ft. ; a capstone covered the

whole. The dolmen is nearly due east and west. Probably it was covered in and the circle marked the outer circumference of the barrow. The late Mr Bennett of West Malling thought that the road is as old as the monument, and that the dolmen was purposely placed in this position to make it conspicuous from a distance, but there are evidences to show that within recent years chalk has been removed from here. Mr Bennett excavated the site some years back, and found evidence of several burials within the circle. These stones have also recently been made more secure by cementing their bases.

ADDINGTON, KENT.—(1) Five stones in a field ; (2) six stones in a wood ; (3) three-quarters of a mile farther south a fallen dolmen—no circle. Nos. 1 and 2 probably form part of an avenue leading to No. 3. Nothing can be asserted concerning the purpose of these, though it is highly probable that No. 3 is a sepulchral chamber.

ADDINGTON PARK, KENT.—A large group of stones, among which is certainly a dolmen, though difficult to reconstruct. Near by are a number of stones which seem to form a large ellipse, 50 ft. \times 40 ft. There are some twenty-two stones. Five hundred yards from the

church, which is built on a mound, originally stood another group of some thirty stones (which in 1754 were reduced to twenty, and in 1761 were overgrown with fern), the largest 15 ft. long, and the smallest 7 ft. To the north-west are sixteen stones, two of which are upright. The whole probably formed an avenue with a dolmen at the eastern end, together with a series of circles; they probably mark an interment. Sarsen stones are often found near churches, especially when these are built on mounds or high places. Compare Weston Wood, preceding, near the site of St Martha's Church. Other examples will be noted, as, for instance, at Twyford, near Winchester.

KIT'S COTY HOUSE, KENT.—A well-preserved dolmen, H-shaped in plan, with a cap-stone roughly hexagonal in plan. In 1723 it is mentioned as being at the end of a long barrow. Some engravings show the site of the barrow, others of about the same date omit it. It was undoubtedly a double sepulchral chamber and enclosed in a barrow. It seems to be the centre of a vast necropolis, though no traces of sepulture have been found. It was uncovered when Lambarde wrote in 1570. A great number of theories have woven themselves around the monument, some of them very absurd. The

derivation of the name itself has not been satisfactorily explained. Briefly the following are some other theories to explain the monument:—(1) An altar, with a basin in the capstone to receive the victim's blood; (2) a temple or shrine to contain an image. Mr Bennett, who suggested this, based his argument on—(a) the centre stone is structurally not required; (b) there are distinct human features on the western face of this stone.

THE GENERAL'S TOMB.—Only in fragments. Blown up 1862 and pieces thrown into hedge. It may have been a menhir, another stone of the avenue mentioned above. It is almost due north of the Coffin Stone.

THE COFFIN STONE, TOTTINGTON, KENT.—A huge menhir (obelisk) near the Tottington Circles, 15 ft. long, $8\frac{1}{2}$ ft. wide at base, $6\frac{1}{2}$ ft. wide at top, 2 ft. thick. In 1850 a continuous avenue of stones, now fallen, leading to Blue Bell Hill, existed about here, and this may be a stone of it, though, like the White Horse Stone, it may be the sole fragment of a dolmen.

TOTTINGTON, KENT.—A well-defined circle round a spring-head. Other stones are found in various positions, some built in the walls of the farm-house. There seems to have been a circle on the site of the now destroyed St

Michael's Church, which may have enclosed a temple, perhaps for water-worship. This was Mr Bennett's theory.

THE COUNTLESS STONES, AYLESFORD.—A group of stones similar to those in Addington Park. A drawing in the Maidstone Museum shows this monument as it was before it was blown up. From this it was evidently the interior chamber of a large barrow, and it is rather surprising to find that the stones were arranged on an exactly similar ground plan to those forming the internal ring at Stonehenge. It is sometimes known as the Numbers, or the Lower Kit's Coty House.

PILGRIMS' WAY, NEAR THE MAIDSTONE-CHATHAM ROAD, KENT.—Destroyed. Probably was the ruin of a dolmen. Bensted's map gives a monument as standing here, but it was destroyed before he charted the district. It would be almost due west of the White Horse Stone, with the main road running between them.

THE WHITE HORSE STONE, KENT.—A solitary stone on the Pilgrims' Way just beyond the Maidstone-Chatham road. Most likely it is the upright of a partly destroyed dolmen. Mr Bennett thought this to be a sculptured monument, and wrote a pamphlet which puts forth

his views and the reason therefor. The stone is certainly a worked one, in the sense that fragments have been removed, either deliberately or by the action of frost, but there seems to be no evidence that it is prehistoric workmanship.

WESTWOOD SARSENS, KENT.—A plan exists of these stones, which are very much scattered and overgrown. In Bensted's map in the Maidstone Museum they are marked as "natural" sarsens.

BLUE BELL HILL DOLMEN, KENT.—Destroyed. A sketch in the Maidstone Museum gives these measurements: North stone, $7\frac{1}{2}$ ft. \times 1 ft. 1 in. \times 4 ft. 9 in.; south stone, 7 ft. \times 2 ft. 3 in. \times 5 ft. 9 in.; west stone, 3 ft. \times 4 ft. \times 1 ft. 6 in.; centre stone, 1 ft. \times 2 ft. A burial place, originally in a barrow. A skeleton of a man and fragments of red pottery were found, but no record seems to have been kept.

BLUE BELL HILL, KENT.—A vast number of sarsens. There is a very ancient way running through the wood which seems to make for Kit's Coty House, and many of these stones lie on either side. Bensted's map, however, gives them as all natural or scattered boulders.

Appendix III

Some Practical Information

(a) MAPS

THE one-inch Ordnance Survey map shows the road practically from the beginning, though not always complete nor at all times correct in marking the course. The small sketch maps in the body of the book are intended to elucidate these parts. The relation of the sheets of the Ordnance Survey to the route is shown on the special map in the pocket of this book. The sheets actually required (Old Survey) are Nos. 299, 300, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288 and 289. The portions on sheets 271 and 272 are so small that it is not worth purchasing them, and the omitted parts present no difficulty.

The new Popular series on the one-inch scale will on the whole involve less expense. For instance, sheet 123 in this series covers that part of the way for which sheets 299, 300 and 284 of the Old Survey are required. The other

sheets in the large sheet series are 124, 114, 115 and 116, the last-named giving the route to within sight of Canterbury, with the exception of a very short portion, which, however, is illustrated on pp. 183 and 187 of this book.

If difficulty is experienced in obtaining these maps, the Manager of the Homeland Association (for address, see title-page) will be happy to supply copies on receipt of the published price plus postage (1d. per map). The prices are :

| | <i>Lithographed</i> | <i>Engraved</i> |
|-----------------------|---------------------|-----------------|
| Old Survey, per sheet | 1/6 | 2/- |
| | <i>Paper</i> | <i>Mounted</i> |
| New Popular series ,, | 1/6 | 2/6 |

The best way of using the maps if bought unmounted in sheets is to mark them with red ink, cut them in quarters, discard the portions not required, number the rest and keep them in quarter sheets in a little portfolio. By trimming the margins off the maps the whole set can go comfortably into one's pocket. If possible, consult Mr Belloc's book, *The Old Road*, which not only treats of the road in a scholarly manner but gives at the end the complete Ordnance Survey of the road on a scale of one inch to one mile, with the way marked in the manner I have indicated.

(b) RAILWAY COMMUNICATION

There may be many who would like to travel the Pilgrims' Road by a series of daily excursions. Fortunately it is so served by railways that it can be completely traversed in this way. Railways run parallel with practically the whole route at a distance of rarely more than a mile or two, while often the stations are quite near to the road. These railway connections are shown on the map to be found at the end of the book, which indicates how the walker can reach the road at one spot, walk his five, ten or twenty miles, and return the same day from another station on the same railway. Londoners, for instance, can easily cover the whole road in this way during the course of a single summer, if unable or unwilling to devote a continuous holiday for the purpose.

(c) MOTOR BUS COMMUNICATION

Many bus services cross the line of the road, or approach near to it, especially those of the L.G.O.C. For particulars, see especially the pamphlet mentioned in the Bibliography.

(d) A BIBLIOGRAPHY

Those who desire fuller information concerning the towns and villages passed on the route

or the country on either side will find much useful information in such of the other publications of the Homeland Association as relate to places on or near the Pilgrims' Road. These are :

In the Homeland Handbook series—

| No. | | PRICE | |
|-----|--|----------------------|-------|
| | | Cloth | Paper |
| 13. | <i>Farnham and its Surroundings.</i> By Gordon Home. With Ordnance map and plan of the town .. | 2/- | 1/- |
| 14. | <i>Godalming and its Surroundings.</i> Edited by Prescott Row. With Ordnance map and plan of the town | <i>Out of print.</i> | |
| 11. | <i>Guildford and District.</i> By J. E. Morris, B.A. With map of the district .. | — | 1/- |
| 44. | <i>Dorking and Leatherhead, with their Surroundings.</i> By J. E. Morris, B.A. With Ordnance map .. | <i>Out of print.</i> | |
| 10. | <i>Reigate and Redhill, with their Surroundings.</i> By T. F. W. Hamilton and W. Hodgson. With Ordnance map .. | <i>Out of print.</i> | |

36. *Oxsted, Limpsfield and Edenbridge.* By Gordon Home. With Ordnance map Out of print.
5. *Wolfe-Land: the Westerham District.* By Gibson Thompson. With Ordnance map Out of print.
18. *Maidstone, with its Surroundings.* By Ethel Williamson. With plan of the town — 6d.

In the Homeland Library series—

Ightham: The Story of a Kentish Village. By F. J. Bennett, F.G.S. A full and careful study of the geology, prehistoric remains and history of the village of Ightham and its neighbourhood. .. — 4/6

A few other books, pamphlets and papers likely to be useful are indicated in the following list. Many of them are out of print but copies can be often obtained through the Homeland Bookshop.

Archæologia Cantiana.

Belloc, H. *The Old Road.*

Bennett, F. J. *The White Horse Stone.*

 " " *The Story of Kit's Coty House.*

Cartwright, J. (Mrs Ady). *The Pilgrims' Way.*

Cox, J. *Canterbury* (in the Ancient City series).

Jerrold, Walter. *Highways and Byways in Kent.*

Kitchin, Dean. *Historic Winchester.*

Lasham, F. (publisher). *Three Surrey Churches.*

(This volume contains a reprint of what I think is the first topographical article on the Pilgrims' Way, that by Maj.-Gen. E. Renouard James, R.E., who published a pamphlet in 1871.)

Parker, Eric. *Highways and Byways in Surrey.*

Read, D. H. Moutray. *Highways and Byways in Hampshire.*

Stanley, Dean. *Memorials of Canterbury.*

Surrey Archæological Collections.

Ward, H. Snowden. *The Canterbury Pilgrimages.*

Clift, J. G. N. "The Pilgrims' Way between Farnham and Albury" (*South Eastern Naturalist*, 1910).

White, Chas. *The Pilgrims' Way.*

(One of the publications of the Underground Railway having particular reference to those parts of the road reached by the Company's buses.)

Notes by the Reader

The Editor of the Homeland Pocket Books would be glad of any notes that would tend to make this book more useful or correct.

The Author would also appreciate any information under the following heads :—

- (a) Early references in local writings, wills, boundaries of property, maps, and so forth, in which the road is described as " The Pilgrims' Road " or some other name suggestive of the alleged pilgrim use.*
- (b) The dates when the various " Pilgrim Lodges," Pilgrim Farms, Pilgrim Houses, etc., received, these names.*

Address :

THE EDITOR,

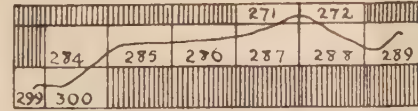
The Homeland Association,

37 and 38 Maiden Lane,

Covent Garden,

London, W.C.2.

KEY TO THE...
SHEETS OF THE
ORDNANCE SURVEY.



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